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and BYSTANDER

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October 22, 1947



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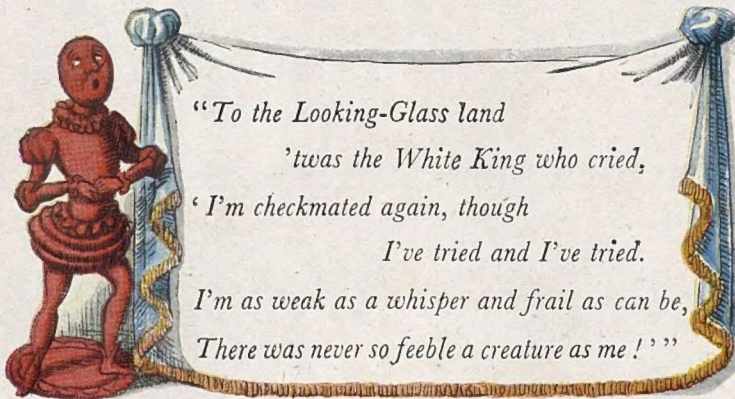
LONDON, S.W.1

TEN TO ONE... IT'S GUINNESS TIME

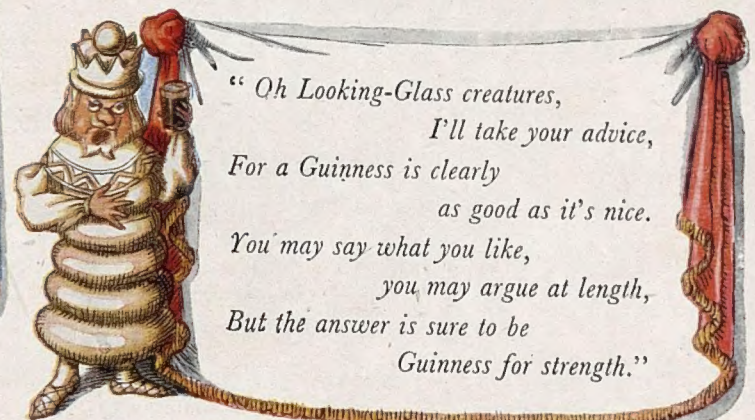


THERE WERE ten red pieces on the board, and the White King was looking very dejected. As Alice came up, a pawn began to sing in a shrill voice :—

"Well," thought Alice, "some of that didn't sound very sensible, but there was nothing wrong with the last line." Then a pawn dressed as a footman handed a glass of Guinness to the King, and the King himself began to sing :—



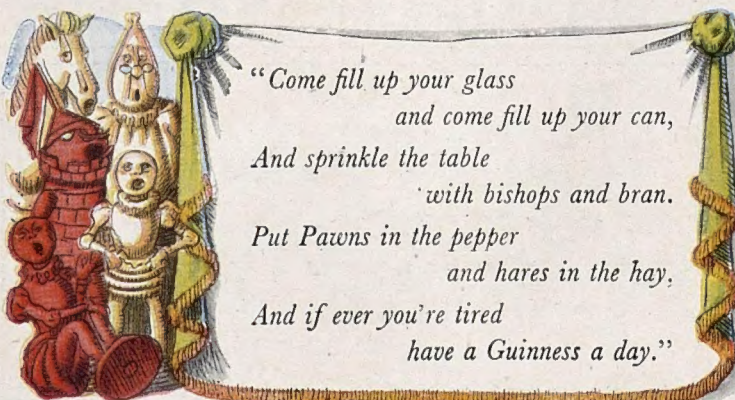
*"To the Looking-Glass land
'twas the White King who cried,
'I'm checkmated again, though
I've tried and I've tried.
I'm as weak as a whisper and frail as can be,
There was never so feeble a creature as me!'"*



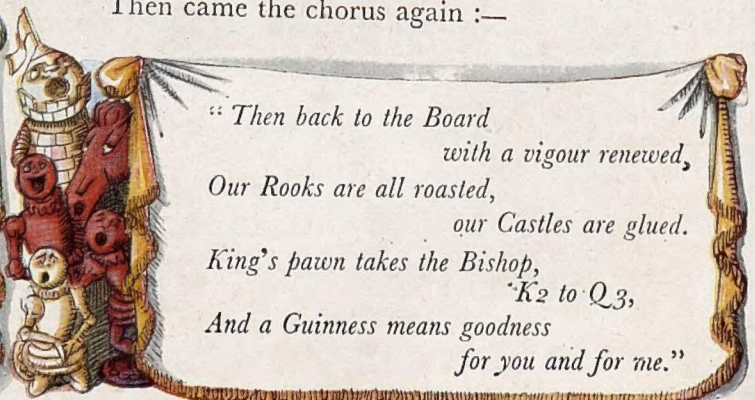
*"Oh Looking-Glass creatures,
I'll take your advice,
For a Guinness is clearly
as good as it's nice.
You may say what you like,
you may argue at length,
But the answer is sure to be
Guinness for strength."*

And all the Chess-men joined in the chorus :—

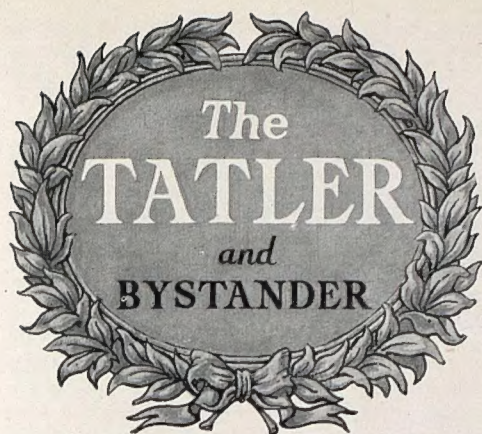
Then came the chorus again :—



*"Come fill up your glass
and come fill up your can,
And sprinkle the table
with bishops and bran.
Put Pawns in the pepper
and hares in the hay,
And if ever you're tired
have a Guinness a day."*



*"Then back to the Board
with a vigour renewed,
Our Rooks are all roasted,
our Castles are glued.
King's pawn takes the Bishop,
K2 to Q3,
And a Guinness means goodness
for you and for me."*



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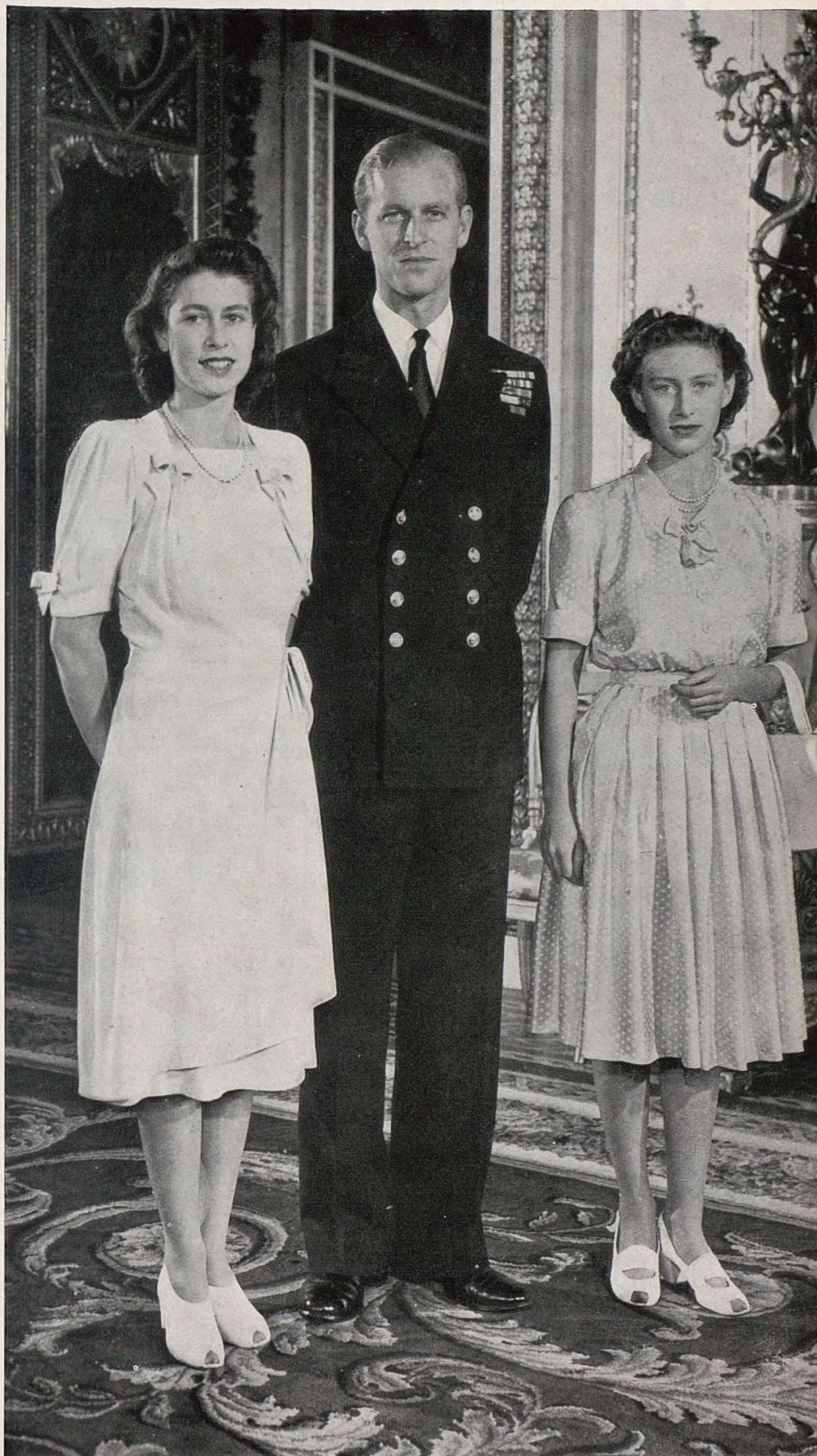
LONDON, OCTOBER 22, 1947

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Two Shillings

In The White Drawing Room

In view of the approaching wedding of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Lieut. Philip Mountbatten, R.N., this picture, taken in the White Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace, is of particular interest. With them is Princess Margaret, who is to be one of the bridesmaids. Preparations for the wedding are now in full swing, and although its material aspect will, unfortunately, be overshadowed by the word "austerity," it will give a unique opportunity for the demonstration of that warmth of feeling which the Heiress-Presumptive to the Throne has always inspired in her prospective subjects





PORTRAITS IN PRINT



Some Talk of Monty



Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, leaving a Thoresby, Notts, mine which he visited at the invitation of the National Coal Board

WHAT was the story of the Battle of Alamein? Was it of the many thousands of acts of heroism, of fortitude, of leadership, of self-sacrifice, of kindness and helpfulness? Was it a story of many men doing the duty that was put upon them, according to their lights? Was it the story of those who waited at home with the tight hand of dread about their inner hearts? Was it the story of those who then guided the nation irrevocably on its course and who knew not, as they tramped the carpets of Downing Street, whether all would fail—or come to thunderous success?

Or was it an amalgam of all these, and more?

It *could*, of course, be the story of my taxi-man, which runs somewhat as now follows. He was having a busy night taking many, many fares to the Albert Hall and at a halt in the traffic took upon himself to address a fellow-worker: "What's all this 'ere at the Albert 'All tonight, chum? Big concert, or something?" The fellow-worker (wearing, as did his questioner, a row of campaign medals upon one of which gleamed the figure eight) looked a mite bewildered, and spoke: "ON? What's ON? It's the Eighth Army Reunion, o' course. Monty's talkin' to 'em. You know—Alamein."

Our hero rubbed a gloved hand about his chin: "Alamein? Alamein?"

"Yes, stoopid. Alamein. You know—in the Desert."

The traffic rumbled and bumbled and the penetrating nip of exhaust fumes rose and caught at the throat. There were half-heard shouts and shreds of high laughter all about, and the confused tramping of men's feet that hid within itself a near-forgotten rhythm.

"In the Desert! Ho! You mean *ALA-MEIN*!! Just don't I remember it—that's where the major put me on charge."

AND tomorrow, at the Albert Hall, the men who were there will be gathering again, and again will listen to the rasping voice of Lord Montgomery laying emphasis upon emphasis upon emphasis, hammering,

beating, driving home his points, bright-eyed as the hawk—and as ruthless. One of these days, perhaps, some erudite and good brain will analyse the true, deep secret of Monty's success with the Desert Army. For it lay not only in the accession of fresh troops (at least one division of which had been broken in battle by the enemy before October 23, 1942) and new and more powerful equipment; nor yet did it lie alone in being a better commander than Erwin Rommel (who was not on parade at the commencement of the Battle of Alamein, anyway).

Even the towering morale that he fostered and warmed in men's minds was not (in my view) the essence of the affair. There was something more, something else, something more potent and primeval; and I do not yet know what it was. Nor, possibly, does Monty.

Does anyone? Mr. Herbert Morrison, for example? for surely it was Herbert who got the C.I.G.S. to go down the mine recently.

That was indeed a brilliant stroke, and brilliantly did the Little Man respond by drawing a parallel between mining the coal without which we, the nation, die and the planning of his great battles. Readers will have marked his words: "I suspect that the pits you have shown me are the best in the area . . . now show me the really bad conditions." The echo is clear and bell-like, is it not? Into how many hundreds of barracks

and camps has Monty been and there been shown the gleaming, spruce exterior—only then suddenly to whip into the sort of corner no general is supposed to know about, much less inspect?

Very little wool can be pulled over those hard grey-blue eyes, as we who once have worked for him will state with conviction—and, possibly, fervour. Thus, if the bold Mr. Morrison seeks the continuing aid of the one-time commander of the Eighth Army, he will do well to watch points. If I may be permitted to enlarge somewhat upon that suggestion: (1) Tell him your objective and your object; (2) Tell him what resources you have and what others may be expected; (3) State your time limit; (4) Leave him alone to make a plan; (5) If you decide to accept the plan, hurl every scrap of weight you have behind him—and don't listen to the (very considerable) number of people who will then tell you that he is a demagogue, a publicity-hunter or a megalomaniac; he isn't, as those who marched with his great armies well know.

If, Mr. Morrison, if you can get him to imbue the miners with the spirit that moved his own crusaders of the Western Desert, the day is won. It must be clearly understood that that spirit still lives in these islands; but is currently pursuing its own courses and is in no way canalized. Once it is fused again, once there is full, unconditional co-operation, the way ahead shines clear and straight.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"You'll remember this was to have been my early night, m'lord . . ."

AT this point I wish to interpolate thus: My musical mentor reports that he recently attended an operatic rehearsal under the forceful guidance of one of the most distinguished Mittel-European Herr Directors. The "extras," as is not unusual in these affairs, were guardsmen, a group of tall, rather sheepish young men more used to the battle-dress of today than the colourful elegances of Viennese stage warriors. Again and again they made their entrances like so many farm-hands at the vicar's garden party. Again and again the Herr Direktor tried to pull them out of their shambles.

"Once more, pliz. And try to remember that you are supposed to be Halberdiers. So again." Finally his control broke down. He halted the proceedings by rapping ferociously upon the boards.

"Gentlemens, gentlemens! Pliz!" he shouted. "Think for one moment. *Vot vould Montgomery say?*"

WHICH brings your correspondent by easy, and not wholly illogical, stages to another matter of importance: a new Charlie Chaplin is among us here in London. His name is Johnny Puleo. Mark it well, for the ineffable genius of the clown

is rare and precious. By the same token none can fail to recognize it when it arrives. And here, friends, it is in all its glory.

Puleo is a dwarf. He is a Jew. He is using as his backcloth a number of talented performers rejoicing in the name of Borrah Minevitch's Harmonica Rascals who merely take the place, as it were, of Charlie Chaplin's walking-stick. If you care for the noises which emanate from mouth-organs, you may well notice them; but it is not in the least necessary that you should. Puleo is as good as that. He is a genius, and in this act (at the London Casino, as I write) he says not one word, and I trust that he never will for, as Chaplin encompassed his decline with the spoken word, so would Puleo. His mime is sufficient indeed to touch, and never err in the touching, upon those chords of human emotions that dwell in each and every one of us. Now let some impresario give Puleo a wider audience. I care not how it is done; but done it must be, since life hereabouts is in need of such.

* * *

THE Society of Scottish Artists, founded in 1891 as a rebel society, has with the lapse of time become the recognized channel to success for the younger and more experimental Scottish artists. It has held fifty-two annual exhibitions in Edinburgh at the Royal Scottish Academy, but is now exhibiting in London for the first time, at the R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. Under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester the Society has prepared the exhibition at the invitation of the *Daily Herald*, the intention being to give Londoners the opportunity of seeing a truly representative selection of contemporary Scottish art.

One hundred and fifty works are exhibited, all remarkable for their strong, clear colour or confident sense of form, and they are of great variety and liveliness. There are water-colours, drawings and sculpture, although the majority of the exhibits are oil paintings.

Among the exhibits are "Anstruther" and "Still Life," by W. G. Gillies; "Still Life II," by Miss Elspeth Buchanan; "Balquhiddy, Perthshire," by Dr. T. Elder Dickson, President of the Society; "Lady Passing By," a piece of sculpture by Mr. Pilkington Jackson; a bronze "Sleeping Girl," by T. B. Buxley-Jones; "A Glimpse of the Forth," by A. MacTaggart; "Man With Flowers," by John Maxwell, and "Nithsdale Landscape," by A. Bruce Thomson.

With these and all the other works of Caledonian art to judge from, Londoners will have an opportunity of judging how far the experimenters have been successful.

* * *

READERS of this journal who reside in Britain are respectfully (and regretfully) informed that we have been forced by the Ministerial paper cut to make yet a further reduction in the number of copies available for home consumption. Many may discover that through no fault of theirs they can no longer obtain their copy. Will the more fortunate please remember to pass their numbers on when they have finished with them?

* * *

By an unwitting error my colleague George Bilainkin wrote in a recent article about the Bolivian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's as being of "humble stock." This phrase, I am requested to point out, has a very particular meaning in Bolivia, and is taken there as indicating Indian blood. In point of fact, the Ambassador comes of a well-known Spanish-Bolivian family, and Her Excellency is descended from the dukes of Feria. I tender regrets to the Ambassador on behalf of my colleague who is now returning from a visit to the Continent.

Sean Fielding

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

THE SCHOOL-INSPECTOR AND THE TIARA

John Stripe, a school-inspector had
By hard work since he was a lad
Put by a competence, not more
When he retired at fifty-four.

But soon his wife's great-step-aunt died
Leaving her, Joan, the Family Pride—
The Blogge Tiara, which had been
An heirloom since 1615.

Wonderful diamonds, row on row,
Worth eighty thousand pounds or so!
All for his wife and, as she said,
"For little Joan, when I am dead."

Too marvellous! Then tell me why
Both John and Joan should up and die,
And die in poverty and grief?
Why was their happiness so brief?

Reader—if any—do this sum:
Find the insurance premium
On jewels worth eighty thousand quid.
Then think of paying it. John did.

Immoral: Boomp, tiara!

—Justin Richardson



THE HAPPY WARRIOR

With the death at the age of ninety-four of General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., D.S.O., Britain is the poorer by not only a valiant soldier but also by a great lover of life and of his fellow men. This photograph, one of the last to be taken of him, conveys something of the essence of the man who, from the Afghan War of 1878 to the blitz, when he refused to move from London, saw duty as a clear and unmistakable beacon yet never allowed it to narrow his sympathies. Though he has gone, his legend remains



SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

ALDWYCH—Peace In Our Time. Noel Coward's imaginative study of what life in Great Britain would have been like after a successful German invasion.

APOLLO—Trespass. Emyln Williams's dramatic excursion into the supernatural with the author in the principal role.

DUCHESS—The Linden Tree. The story of a family of today finely told by J. B. Priestley. Brilliantly acted by Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Lewis Casson.

FORTUNE—Fly Away Peter. J. H. Roberts, mild and mellow, in an amiable suburban comedy.

GARRICK—Born Yesterday. Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this fast-moving American comedy.

HAYMARKET—Present Laughter. Revival of Noel Coward's sparkling piece with Hugh Sinclair and Joyce Carey in her original part.

HIS MAJESTY'S—Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company in Richard II, Romeo and Juliet, and Twelfth Night.

LYRIC—Edward, My Son. Tragi-comedy. Period 1919-1947. By Noel Langley and Robert Morley.

NEW—Ever Since Paradise. J. B. Priestley's discussion on marriage, light in touch but full of understanding. With Roger Livesey and Ursula Jeans.

PHOENIX—Dr. Angelus. By James Bridie. Alastair Sim as a medical murderer whose evil deeds are covered by macabre hypocrisy.

PICCADILLY—Off the Record. This naval comedy of errors is grand entertainment. Special praise for Jack Allen, Hugh Wakefield and Tom Gill for being side-splittingly funny.

SAVILLE—Noose. Reginald Tate, black in heart and market, provides a thrilling evening of full-speed melodrama.

SAVOY—Life With Father. The successful American comedy of family life with Leslie Banks and Sophie Stewart as father and mother.

STRAND—Separate Rooms. Frances Day in a new American farce with Hal Thompson.

VAUDEVILLE—The Chiltern Hundreds. A. E. Matthews, Marjorie Fielding and Michael Shepley brilliantly burlesque the political scene and the art of noblesse oblige.

WYNDHAM'S. You Never Can Tell. Spirited revival of G. B. Shaw's comedy with Rosamund John and James Donald.

With Music

ADELPHI—Bless the Bride. C. B. Cochran's light operetta by Sir A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, with Georges Guétary, Lizbeth Webb and Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies.

AMBASSADORS—Sweetest and Lowest. Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

COLISEUM—Annie, Get Your Gun. Dolores Gray and Bill Johnson in another tough and melodious backwoods comedy from America.

DRURY LANE—Oklahoma! Outstanding U.S. success. It is tuneful, decorative, and moves with typical transatlantic speed and smoothness.

DUKE OF YORK'S—One, Two, Three. Binnie and Sonnie Hale and Charles Heslop play a dozen or so parts perfectly in this new revue.

GLOBE—Tuppence Coloured. Wit, sparkle and song supplied most adroitly by Joyce Grenfell, Elisabeth Welch and Max Adrian.

PRINCE OF WALES—Piccadilly Hayride. In which Sid Field with a decorative and able cast delights the eye and ear.

PRINCES—The Dubarry. Luxurious revival of this favourite prewar musical.



Rehearsing the Broadcast: Harry Smith (Bobby Howes) reads his script to the reporter and B.B.C. man (Desmond Keith and Charles Lloyd Pack) while his mother, wife and friend look on with varying emotions (Beryl Measor, Helen Christie and Deering Wells)

At the

"The Man In The

MILD little plays—mildly amusing or mildly touching—are the vogue. *Fly Away Peter*, *The Chiltern Hundreds*, *The Girl Who Couldn't Quite*, and now *The Man in the Street*—each is mildly entertaining if approached in mildly expectant mood, but together they give the impression that dramatic authorship has been taken over temporarily by Strube's Little Man.

"Il me faut aujourd'hui parler d'Hamlet; c'est horrible." Jules Lemaître did not mean that the play was horrible; what filled him with horror was the necessity of having to discourse on a subject about which everything had already been said a thousand times before. Everything had already been said of the mild little plays now in vogue long before they were written, and yet once again they serve their turn. They deserve to be mildly praised. Yet to speak again of the latest specimen would be indeed horrible were it not fortunately true that the actors have not lost their old stature.

The play may be mediocre, but the playing is well above it. Mr. Bobby Howes, Mr. Kynaston Reeves, Mr. Lloyd Pearson and the rest bring to this badly constructed comedy their own light, easy, amusing touch, and the evening passes pleasantly enough.

THE hero happens to be the Little Man himself, Britain's most ordinary man, statistically proved to be so by Britain's most enterprising daily newspaper and brought up to London with his wife and mother-in-law to be expensively entertained and lavishly exploited at Britain's most luxurious hotel. It is the booming little newspaper proprietor's own idea carried out against the advice of his wife, a semi-detached blonde who bets him a divorce that the ordinary man is like a point in pure geometry, non-existent.

There is a scene which makes tolerably



Sir Edward Harkaloug (Lloyd Pearson) is delighted with his bright idea, but his wife (Mary Martlew) is sceptical



A Word to the Wise: The bank chairman (Kynaston Reeves) gently but quite unmistakably explains to his employee (now enjoying a brief spell of celebrity) just what sentiments and opinions will be considered acceptable to his higher-ups when he makes his broadcast

Sketches by
Tom Titt

Theatre

Lady Harkalong (Mary Martlew) finds the experiment less of a bore than she thought

BACKSTAGE



HAVING launched *Finian's Rainbow* at the Palace Emile Littler can now turn his attention to Christmas pantomime. In addition to *Cinderella* at the London Casino he is preparing productions for Plymouth (*Babes in the Wood*), Coventry (*Mother Goose*), Manchester (*Goody Two Shoes*), and Sheffield (*Jack and Jill*).

His roster of principal boys includes Joy Hayden, who has been understudying Dolores Gray in *Annie, Get Your Gun*, Eve Lister and Doreen Duke, but he has not yet decided how to allot them. Principal boys are the principal concern of pantomime producers in these days, for artists with the requisite qualifications are more difficult to find than comedians. It goes without saying that in addition to being able to sing with bold assurance they must have good looks and shapely figures. Fashions change, too. Gone are the days when the principal boy conquered by sheer weight. Slim and slender beauty is now the vogue.

SEVERAL popular "boys" will be otherwise engaged this Christmas, among them Patricia Burke, who has turned to the Old Vic and Shakespeare, Madge Elliott, who will be appearing in Restoration comedy, and Binnie Hale, who is in revue. This leaves the way open for several newcomers, among them film star Jean Kent, who is to appear in *Cinderella* at one of the larger suburban cinemas. She is one of the many graduates from the Windmill Theatre, which has contributed many artists to pantomime. Betty Emery, Lesley Osmond and Julia Behar are other Windmill girls who are donning the silken hose this Christmas.

Tom Arnold, who has nine pantomimes in hand, is giving chances to several comparative newcomers in his provincial productions. They include Paula Gray (*Dick Whittington*, Newcastle), Mary Genn (*Aladdin*, Leeds) and Phyllis Hunter (*Robinson Crusoe*, Nottingham). Among other of Arnold's "boys" will be Jessica James (*Humpty Dumpty*, Glasgow), Muriel Barron (*Cinderella*, Manchester), Marjorie Browne (*Babes in the Wood*, Nottingham) and Betty Frankiss (*King and Queen of Hearts*, Brighton).

FIFTH SHEPARD's revival of *Canaries Sometimes Sing* opens at the Garrick on November 18, with Jack Buchanan, Coral Browne, Austin Trevor and Heather Thatcher in the cast. In the original production of the Lonsdale comedy in 1929 their parts were played by Ronald Squire, Yvonne Arnaud, Athole Stewart and Mabel Sealby.

On the following evening comes Shepard's production of *Honour and Obey*, a comedy by Hagar Wilde in which Nauntun Wayne, Nora Swinburne, Hugh Dempster, Ursula Howells, Emma Trechman and Genine Graham will appear. It is being produced by Daphne Rye, who has worked for the Tennent firm, and like the Lonsdale comedy is having a brief provincial tour before the London opening.

TWO interesting rumours reach me. The first is that Phyllis Calvert, who has just returned from filming in Hollywood, may be the Barrie hero in this year's revival of *Peter Pan*. The other is that Jessie Matthews, long absent from the West End, is to reappear shortly in revue.

John Clements and Kay Hammond are making their West End reappearance very shortly in a revival of Farquhar's Restoration comedy, *The Beaux Stratagem*.

It is surprising to know that the spry and youthful-looking Jerry Verno, now appearing in *The Dubarry* at the Princes Theatre, has just celebrated his fortieth year on the stage.

The explanation is that he began at the age of twelve as a boy vocalist at the Palace, Bow. Not many comedians can sing so well as Verno, who gained a lot of early experience after the 1914 war (during which he served in the Imperial Camel Corps) by touring the Far East with the now defunct Bandmann musical comedy company. He made his first West End appearance in *Alf's Button* at the New Oxford Theatre in 1925, and since then has divided his time between musical shows and comedy.

Beaumont Kent



Harry Smith (Bobby Howes), the Ordinary Man in excelsis, finds high speed outfitting leaves much to be desired

amusing play with the ordinariness of Harry Smith. His conversation has the grooved swing; he enjoys long patient bouts of tinkering with cigarette lighters; and he lives in timorous hopes of soon receiving the small increase of salary which the bank should have given him a year ago. Fleet Street, with its battery of cameras and its loud impertinence, descends on the little man like vultures upon a barn-yard fowl.

WHEN there is the misery of the little man at the Hotel Zenith. Lord Manderly, the chairman of his bank, drops in to make genially sure that nothing said in the forthcoming broadcast shall hint at any dissatisfaction among bank clerks, and having made sure, he no less genially makes it clear to Harry why the expected increase of salary must be deferred. Mr. Kynaston Reeves plays Manderly with a deliciously dry irony. The comings and goings of the lordly ones with axes to grind and of the cynical young man from the B.B.C. are the best of the comedy. They are enlivened by easy but effective satire, and Mr. Lloyd Pearson, the bustling newspaper proprietor, and Miss Mary Martlew, his maliciously amused wife, miss no points.

With the comedy's climax no acting can cope. The little man, brought to the microphone under the influence of whisky, has of course to bring about the discomfiture of the lordly ones lolling about the stage in attitudes of bland expectancy. But the talk they hear, though wildly revolutionary, is not in the least funny; it is much too long and on the first night could be heard only with difficulty. The limp last act puts a strain upon Mr. Bobby Howes, but somehow he manages to keep the little man gently, wryly, mildly amusing.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Freda Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Story Trouble



ONE of the most obstinate obsessions from which film producers suffer is the delusion that a good novel, or a popular novel, is natural material for a film. There are many reasons why a novel should be unlikely to make a good film.

Story trouble is a term of the trade applied to a film which lacks a story. But a film is just as likely to suffer from a surfeit of story. The cinema's business, after all, is not primarily to tell a story but to compose a moving picture—preferably in all the intimate detail of close-up. Its form, creating a world under a microscope within the rigid rectangular framework of the screen, approximates much more closely to the short story than to the conventional novel, especially the crowded-canvas type of novel which follows a dozen different skeins of plot, or spans three generations. Nothing so hopelessly clogs the movement of a film, so obstructs the camera's proper play on its subject, nothing is so difficult for a film to digest as too much incident.

There have been exceptions I feel sure. But I can think of far more family chronicles or cradle-to-grave biographies where the film, in its effort to crowd in at least the chapter headings, remains bogged down in boredom, as *Fame is the Spur* remains for most of two hours at the Odeon.

At least *Fame is the Spur* spans only one man's life, though it is a very long one and he a politician (Labour). Not having read Howard Spring's famous novel I am quite without prejudice over what may or may not have been left out. Enough has been left in to provide material for half a dozen films each of as high quality as this distinguished production aims to attain.

There might have been a film about the three small boys from a Lancashire slum whom we meet in the prelude. Their accents (as throughout the film), their whole tenor, and the scenes from Hamer's home are more than usually realistic. But of course we know the cinema cannot show us the transition from boy to man; and that these three engaging youngsters must turn abruptly into Michael Redgrave, Bernard Miles and Hugh Burden. They add, therefore, nothing to the film except time.

Any of the three men could have been the subject of a character film: Ryerson (Mr. Burden), sober, decent idealist of the trade union movement, without personal ambition to corrupt his loyalty; Hannaway (Mr. Miles), the beady-eyed bounder

to whom honesty is no obstacle, but who is as shrewd about people as about pennies—and makes so many of the latter that even a Labour Government has to throw him an honour; and Hamer Radshaw (Mr. Redgrave) the actual hero of the film, whom we watch grow through sixty years, from burning champion of the poor and oppressed into an elder Labour statesman, dribbling platitudes and looking and talking with the passage of every five years (as registered in giant dates) more and more like the late Ramsay MacDonald.

HAMER could have been an interesting example of the politician being slowly corrupted by power. But the film has no time to show us the conflict inside the man, only its results on the surface of his career. Hamer's marriage to an intelligent, public-spirited woman (Miss Rosamund John) who remains devoted to him even while seeing through his empty vanity could have made a moving domestic story. Miss John, excellently honest actress that she is, gets little scope to do more than hint at the drama in Hamer's private life. Her embarrassment of his career by going in and out of prison as a Suffragette takes up too much time for its place in the story; too little to do justice to the Suffrage movement, which deserves a film to itself.

Finally, the film contains headlines for a whole story of the Labour and trade union movement in this country (with the strange omission of the General Strike). How helpful it is at the present juncture to present a film supporting a miners' strike and suggesting that it is the moderates who have betrayed British Labour seems open to question. If the film were more persuasive it might be thought subversive. But it remains a story in headlines or illustrated chapter headings, a testimony to the cinema's incapacity for assimilating the chronicle novel.

SOME of the best of films have been only "based on an idea by N. or M." If today there is a dearth of original ideas in British and American film studios, I recommend any producer in search of second-hand ideas to visit the Academy, where the second feature, *Partie de Campagne*, is a de Maupassant short story filmed by Jean Renoir.

Here, concentrated (as a film should be) in a simple picnic, a Parisian *petit bourgeois* family's day in the country, are all a young girl's wakening dreams, the foolish, frivolous, giggling mother's frustration by the comfortable, benevolent, unromantic *père de famille*, the calculating, amorous preoccupations of the young Frenchman, and so much besides, etched with a delicacy and precision beyond criticism.

Any producer seeing this gem of a film would, I hope, be inspired to ponder the advantages of

ransacking a collection of the great short stories over competing for the rights of best-selling novels which tend to become screen white elephants.

The longer film at the Academy, *Bataille du Rail*, produced partly by the French "Railway Resistance Movement," goes to the opposite extreme and has no story at all. This need not matter, if it had composition or coherence or even a central character to hold the attention to the track. Only towards the end of the film does an intelligible account emerge, with unforced French humour and superb shots of marshalling yards or a derailing train, of the determined sabotage of a German convoy in the days after D-Day. But it is really too much to ask us to believe that all the personnel of the command post at a large French railway junction were a hundred per cent to a man "résistants," with nothing to do but organize sabotage.

MANY talents have been wasted on *Uncle Silas*, showing at the Gaumont. Most regrettable seem the waste of Miss Jean Simmons, in her first starring picture, as the frightened young lady of a Victorian would-be blood-curdler, and of Miss Katina Paxinou as a preposterous gorgon of a pseudo-governess who is one of the chief terrorists.

Perhaps Mr. Derrick de Marney should not be counted wasted as the wicked uncle, since he seems to revel in the impossible attempt to play a picturesque old man.

A certain giggle-and-squeak atmosphere is achieved, but if the original novel was, as I understand, quite a subtle character study, as well as a hair-raiser, that, too, is a total loss.

The best laugh of the week comes from *Golden Earrings* at the Plaza. An English officer (Ray Milland) is escaping from the Gestapo, when deep in the Black Forest we hear a well-loved voice crooning softly. Its owner, crouched in a shawl over a private bonfire, turns round to be our old friend Marlene Dietrich, browned up as a gipsy with golden earrings and eating fish stew with her fingers. Gipsy Dietrich has no moral pretensions, and Colonel Milland must accept protection even from dirty hands, so off they go in her caravan, behind her good horse Apple, to tell fortunes and visit her people in a gipsy encampment (with music). Stars and director (Mitchell Leisen) enter into this gipsy charade with wholehearted amusement. After some recent pictures, one which burlesques itself so candidly is welcome comic relief; and no praise is too high for the smooth skill with which Mr. Milland and Miss Dietrich eventually slip from self-caricature into romantic solemnity for the extravagant escape ending.



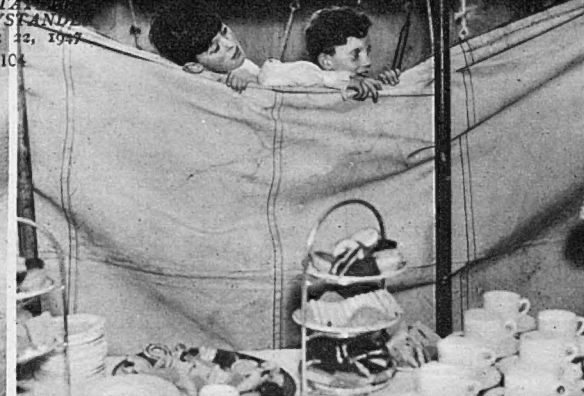
PROUD
TARQUIN'S
DEED

The English Opera Group have been staging two of Benjamin Britten's operas, *Albert Herring* and *The Rape of Lucretia* at Covent Garden for a short season. The photograph shows the key scene of the second opera, with Nancy Evans as Lucretia and Otakar Krauss as Tarquinius, overlooked by a bust of Collatinus, Lucretia's husband. Ronald Duncan wrote the libretto. The Group, which was formed early this year, has as its artistic directors Benjamin Britten, Eric Crozier and John Piper, who designed the scenery for *Lucretia*. It has permanent singers and a chamber orchestra, and before going to Covent Garden the ensemble—fulfilling their primary role of a touring company—had been appearing at Newcastle-on-Tyne





THE LANCET
LOND BYSTAND
OCTOBER 22, 1947
104



The pages, Lord Fintrie, nephew of the bride, and Callum Bannerman, find the reception marquee crowded, so try a quick and successful way of drawing the chef's attention

LADY JEAN GRAHAM WEDDED ON THE ISLE OF ARRAN



The Duke and Duchess of Montrose in the drawing-room of Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran, with their younger daughter, formerly Lady Jean Graham, and Col. John P. I. Fforde, Assistant Inspector-General, Palestine Police, to whom she was married at Kilbride Parish Church. There were 500 guests at the reception which followed at Brodick Castle



Col. Fforde and Lady Jean Fforde, on the bridge of the Clyde steamer taking them on their honeymoon, listen to islanders singing "Will Ye No' Come Back Again"

GUN DOGS ON TRIAL IN SUFFOLK

The Eastern Counties Spaniel Society's Twenty-Fifth Meeting



Col. G. R. Grant, Mr. D. G. Bett, Miss J. M. Boothman and Mr. J. M. Kilburn watching the trials at Tuddenham, Barton Mills



Mr. John Kent with Mrs. M. B. Edwards, Miss D. Morland Hooper, the hon. secretary, and Mr. D. Kent



Mrs. G. R. Vinall with Mr. G. R. Vinall's Slip of Stourcreek, and Miss Vinall



Mr. L. Kent and Mrs. Weston-Webb with Meadowcourt Ben in the Open Stakes



The judges, Lt.-Col. Humphrey, Capt. Tredinnick and Mr. Edwards



Mr. A. E. Webb, one of the guns, and the referee, Major J. B. Neilson



Three spectators, Mrs. Elwin Webb, Jennifer Webb and Col. J. M. Neilson



Miss D. Morland Hooper's Roxana of Ranscombe retrieving a pheasant



A rabbit is retrieved by Mrs. John Kent's Silverstar of Chrishall



Mrs. M. K. Wentworth-Smith's Hector of Yelme bringing in a hare



Mr. B. G. Manningham handling Flick of Glaven in the Open Stakes



Captain and Mrs. Andrew Hughes-Onslow with their two-year-old son and heir James, photographed in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Captain Hughes-Onslow, who served throughout the war in the Black Watch, married Miss Betty Lee, daughter of Lady Rossmore, in 1944

Poole, Dublin

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL



Lady Anne Lumley,
third daughter of the
Earl and Countess of
Scarborough

FROM the day Their Majesties returned to Buckingham Palace from Balmoral and Sandringham, to Princess Elizabeth's wedding day on November 20th, there is scarcely a gap in the Royal programme, which ranges from the unveiling by the King of the impressive memorial to his father, the late King George V., in Abingdon Street, Westminster, to the annual Royal Variety Performance in aid of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund.

"Her Royal Highness the Bride," as Princess Elizabeth is described in all the official ceremonial programmes compiled by the Lord Chamberlain's Department, herself has a very full programme, including two important visits, one to Durham, where she lays the foundation-stone of St. Mary's College in Durham University, and the other at

the end of this month to Clydebank, where she launches a new liner. A host of pre-wedding engagements, including conferences with dress-makers and official receptions of the Lord Mayor of London and other dignitaries, are also on Her Royal Highness's diary.

UNFORTUNATELY, when she visits Glasgow there is a clash of dates, which rarely happens with Royal functions, for on the day she launches the new liner, the King and Queen are visiting the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, after their day on the Duchy of Cornwall estates and at Plymouth. The visit to Dartmouth, where her fiancé was trained as a naval cadet, is one which would have had a particular and personal interest for the Princess, but tidal and other considerations made it necessary to fix the launching date long in advance, and both the Princess and the R.N.C. cadets themselves, who had been looking forward eagerly to meeting the Royal bride-to-be of one of their own "old boys," are disappointed.

The political developments culminating in the reconstruction of his Cabinet by Mr. Attlee brought His Majesty back to town for one day from Sandringham to hear from the Prime Minister an account of the changes. His Majesty also took the opportunity to hear at first hand from Gen. Lord Ismay, over lunch at the Palace, of the latest developments in India. Lord Ismay had just flown home from India. When the King came back to Buckingham

Palace again, after a further five days' enjoyable sport at Sandringham, his first important engagement was a Privy Council at which new Ministers received their seals of office and took their oaths.

Seventeen-year-old Princess Margaret fulfilled her first big-scale public engagement when she flew to Northern Ireland to launch the new R.M.S. liner Edinburgh Castle. For her four-days stay, the Princess made her headquarters at Government House with her uncle and aunt. Among her private engagements was a luncheon-party with Sir Thomas and Lady Dixon at their Antrim home, Cairndhu, near Larne. W/Cdr. Peter Townsend, Equerry to the King and Deputy Master of the Household, and Lady Margaret Egerton, Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Elizabeth, were in attendance on Her Royal Highness.

H. R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER looked radiant in a black velvet evening dress which had diamanté shoulder-straps and a spray of pink roses on one shoulder, with which she wore a diamond tiara and diamond necklace, when she went to the Royal Albert Hall to present the prizes for fancy dresses at the Town and Country Ball. This Ball was sponsored and organised by the Association of Agriculture for the Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs and the Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. It was a great success and was attended by over 4000 guests, many of

whom were in fancy dress. These were in many cases original and ingenious, and I was amused to see a prize awarded to a lady who had gone as a cabbage. This was cleverly arranged with real cabbage leaves, her head-dress being a huge single cabbage complete with root.

David Niven, in a red velvet jacket and gaily-checked shirt, judged the fancy dresses with Hermione Gingold, Sid Field, Col. Walter Elliot and Mr. Donald McCullough.

The Duke of Norfolk, who takes such a keen and practical interest in the Young Farmers' Clubs, was in the Royal box with H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and so were Baroness Ravensdale, very handsome in red with her lovely ruby and diamond necklace, and Mrs. Walter Elliot. They both work really hard for the Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs. Lord Camrose had a large box which was full of young guests, and near by Sir Merrik Burrell had a party of friends in his box. Miss Janet Attlee and her fiancé were in another box with a party.

Before I went on to the Albert Hall, I had a wonderful dinner at the Hungaria, where they were celebrating their nineteenth birthday. Lady Graham Cunningham, who told me she had dined at the Hungaria many times during those nineteen years, was there with her husband, who was this summer appointed a member of the Government's Planning Board. Two other guests in the party were Mr. Peter Dudley Ryder, the Earl of Harrowby's nephew, with his attractive wife, who was Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon before her marriage in 1940.

DURING her short visit to this country Princess Ashraf, the very attractive twin sister of the Shah of Persia, went to look over many hospitals here and meet their staff, as she takes the greatest interest in the welfare of the people of her own country. The Princess wants the hospitals at home run on the most modern and up-to-date lines with a really efficient staff.

Mrs. Ayrton Gould, the Member of Parliament for North Hendon, who is also on the British Council, arranged a luncheon-party at Claridge's for Princess Ashraf. The guests were mostly well-known members of the nursing world, including Dame Katherine Watt, who is Chief Nursing Officer at the Ministry of Health, and Miss Goodall, of the Royal College of Nursing. During her brief visit the Princess managed to fit in a trip down to Windsor to have tea with Earl and Countess Gowrie in the Norman Tower of Windsor Castle.

MR. and Mrs. HUGH MCCORQUODALE gathered together many interesting friends at their attractive house in South Street when they gave a cocktail-party recently for Mr. James Muir, one of the leading figures in the banking world in Canada, who was on a visit to this country. Mr. Muir, who is confidentially expected to be the next president of the Royal Bank of Canada, possesses a quiet charm one usually associates with members of the Corps Diplomatique.

Among those he met were the Marquess of Willingdon, whose late father was Governor-General of Canada from 1926-31; Sir Ronald Cross, High Commissioner of Australia from 1941-45, who also has big banking interests, and his attractive wife, who looked smart in green; and Lord Claud Hamilton, Comptroller and treasurer to Queen Mary, who was accompanied by his lovely wife. Mr. Muir had a long talk to Mr. Jim Thomas, the Member for Hereford, who had been busy a few days before at the Conservative Party Conference at Brighton. Lady Aline Vivian, who is a keen fisherwoman, was saying how impossible salmon fishing has been this summer with the rivers so low everywhere. Even in Norway salmon rivers have been the lowest on record this summer.

Sir Egerton and Lady Hamond-Graeme, both looking so well after their stay at Bembridge this summer, were chatting to the Hon. Mrs. Charles Rhys and Lord Fairfax. Mr. Brian

Buchel came with his attractive wife, who was talking to the Hon. Mrs. Mason and, like many others, discussing the forthcoming petrol difficulties; the Buchels had just been to Paris for a few days. Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, wearing the most enchanting little embroidered black cap with her mink coat, told me her brother-in-law and sister, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, were coming south from Dunrobin the following day. Lord Delamere arrived early and was later joined by his attractive wife, looking chic in brown. Major and Mrs. Howard Kerr were telling friends about their recent trip to Czechoslovakia, and Lord Knollys, who brought his daughter, told me he and his wife were shortly going off to America for a month.

OTHERS I met were Sir Louis Knuthsen, Miss Rosita Forbes, and Sir Clive Liddel, Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who has done such valiant work with the St. John Ambulance, with his wife. Sir Clive and Lady Liddel live in the Governor's Residence, which has the great advantage of acres of garden in the centre of London, but they have also had the disadvantage of a house badly damaged by a rocket and have not yet got all their windows repaired.

Raine McCorquodale, looking very pretty in brown, was helping her mother look after her guests, and among other of her young friends at the party were the Marquess of Blandford, who came back from the Middle East in the summer and is now stationed with the Life Guards at Knightsbridge Barracks; Miss Catherine de Trafford, Mr. Thomas Egerton and Mr. Jimmy Pollock, who is also stationed with his battalion in London now—he had just finished a month's exciting mountaineering course in Austria; and young Lord Herschell.



Lady Elizabeth Lumley, second of the Earl and Countess of Scarborough's four daughters. She has three sisters, and a brother at Eton. Lady Scarborough is a Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen

SO many people I meet are busy now helping various deserving causes. Viscountess Rothermere, who always works so hard for anything she undertakes, is chairman of the appeal committee who are arranging *The Voice of London*, an all-star show, to take place at Drury Lane next Sunday evening, October 26th, in aid of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Tickets, which are reasonable and vary in price from 7s. 6d. to 2 guineas, can be obtained from Lady Rothermere at Warwick House, St. James's Palace. This promises to be a really enjoyable evening, as such brilliant artists as Anna Neagle, Stanley Holloway, Tommy Handley and Oscar

Natzka, with the Queen's Hall Light Orchestra, are appearing. It is not surprising they are willing to give their services, as the Belgrave Hospital, founded over eighty years ago and devoted entirely to the medical needs of children in poor circumstances, is to-day in desperate need of help for funds to carry on through the current year.

Lady Annaly held her first committee meeting at Simpsons' Services Club to arrange the première of *Woman in the Hall*, to be given at the Leicester Square Theatre on Thursday, October 30th.

This première is in aid of the Union Jack Club, of which H.M. the King is Patron-in-Chief and H.M. Queen Mary Patroness-in-Chief. It is a club for Servicemen when in London. It was founded over forty years ago with 200 bedrooms, but with enlargements during those years it can now accommodate over 1000 members.

Lady Annaly, looking very nice in brown, spoke convincingly on the need to raise funds for the Club, and she was followed by Lt.-Gen. Sir Sidney Clive, who is president of the Club, and Esmond Knight, the film-actor, who was partly blinded in the war: he made an inspiring appeal, saying he knew from experience what a godsend the Club was to men in the Forces. It was an excellent meeting, and before the close over £2000 had been raised by the sale of tickets and donations.

AMONG those who came to the meeting and gave Lady Annaly their support were Mrs. Warren Pearl, who took tickets and bought a large block to be given away to Servicemen; Doreen Lady Brabourne, who has now become a grandmother since the birth of a son to her elder son, Lord Brabourne; and his charming wife, who is Viscountess and Viscountess Mountbatten's elder daughter; the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, looking chic in blue, took tickets, and so did Mrs. Persse-Hudson, who has just returned from a visit to Hollywood; Mme. Bohn, who told me she had had a lovely holiday in Norway; Major Huskinson, Mrs. Boyer, Mrs. Ronnie Gilbey, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, Lady Lowther and Princess Wiszniewska. The Hon. Mrs. Langton Iliffe, who is chairman of the young committee for this première, was not able to be present, but among the young supporters at the meeting who all took tickets were the Marquess of Blandford, Lord Fairfax, who made a brief speech thanking Lady Annaly; Lord and Lady Buckhurst, the Hon. Caroline Cust, and the Hon. Luke White. Another première to be held this month, but in Scotland, is that of *Fame is the Spur*, at the Odeon Cinema, Glasgow, on Friday, October 24th. The Countess of Eglinton and Winton is chairman of this première, which is being given in aid of the Y.W.C.A.

WHEN I met Benjamin Britten at the party given by the Covent Garden Opera Trust before the opening night of the brief season of the English Opera Group, he told me of the successful tour the English Opera Group were having. They are giving Britten's two operas, *Albert Herring* and *The Rape of Lucretia*, both conducted by the composer, with most of the original cast who were in the Glyndebourne production. For some moments we got off the subject of music to the composer's country home at Aldeburgh, which, he told me, is causing him great anxiety as the sea is encroaching on part of that shore and may in time submerge his cottage.



Lady Mary Lumley, eldest daughter of the Earl of Scarborough, whose family seat is Lumley Castle, Durham

George Bilaukin.

TRAVELLING IN
EUROPEH.E. Mons. Pierre
de Witasse, Premier of
Monaco

MONACO.—Amid alluring palms too tired to wave in the "summer" breeze, policemen in splendidly-cut white drill uniforms saluted courteously as I drove up the excellent macadam road towards the residence of His Excellency Monsieur Pierre de Witasse, Prime Minister of the tiniest State in Europe, the Principality of Monaco. I had passed the luxurious hotels that often attract 2,000,000 wealthy visitors in a year, the shops where silk ties are on sale at 60s., the row of solid banks with

British names, the shining multitude of U.S. motors of 1947 vintage by the Casino, and had studied the day's list of ice-cream thrills in my favourite cake and chocolate store.

Formally correct, but human, sad and wise, Witasse is officially termed "Minister of State." We stood by the window of his study and glanced at the 357 acres that comprise all the three communes of the Principality, Monaco-Ville, La Condamine, Monte Carlo. (I was reminded that a square mile is equivalent to 640 acres, that San Marino has an area of 38 square miles, Liechtenstein 60 and Andorra 180.) Below us stretched the 47 acres of sheltered harbour, where the Monaco flag fluttered gently from motor-boats.

IN the room where we spoke is held the Cabinet's weekly meeting, Witasse presiding over the deliberations of his three colleagues. Decisions are recorded and reported by one of the Principality's 613 officials to His Royal Highness, the seventy-seven-year-old Prince Louis II.; if and when these are approved, the news is published on Thursdays in the ninety-year-old official "bulletin," the five-franc *Journal de Monaco*.

Witasse told me that the 23,000 inhabitants of the Principality, which in 968 belonged to the house of Grimaldi, include 2000 to 3000 Monaco voters, who generously elect eighteen deputies. The widely-held impression that the Casino's "private salons" maintain the costs of the State was ridiculed by him. He estimates that the income this year from the Casino will help the Government to the modest tune of 8,000,000 francs. (Pause for explanation: In French banks the "official" rate is 480 francs to the £, but everywhere else 635 francs are offered for the £, redeeming contrast with Brussels, where the Belgians offer £ sterling notes for 12s. or 12s. 3d. in Belgian currency.) The 1947 budget has risen astronomically to 402,000,000 francs, contrasted with 39,000,000 in 1939.

Between 185 and 200 Monaco policemen cost 30,000,000 francs, the "Force Armée" and education account each for almost 20,000,000 francs. The Principality's diplomatic service, with four Ministers Extraordinary, in Paris, Brussels, Rome and the Vatican—by law all have to be French—costs nearly 2,000,000 francs.

THE Minister of State also has to be a French citizen. Formerly French Minister to Egypt, Witasse returned from retirement to serve de Gaulle as Muslim expert, and later as Chef de Protocol. As he spoke of his tasks and hopes, I forgot the laughter below us, the faces of jovial holiday-makers. His eyes fell, and he showed me the framed tribute signed by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery. It praised the work for the Allies of the son and the daughter of Witasse, martyrs in a Nazi concentration camp.



Split-second timing: The R.A., Salisbury Plain, Hunt Team I. show what perfect formation jumping can be like in the hunter trials

The Garth Hunt Horse Show



Mrs. G. F. Banham's Thomastown, Miss R. Keeling up, was first in the Lightweight Hunter and second in the Champion Class



Mr. F. L. White's Royal Salute, Champion Hunter and Heavyweight Hunter winner, with Capt. G. V. Francis in the saddle



Miss Squire and Mrs. Hinton were the judges of the Children's Pony Class



Mrs. Holmyard, Mrs. Inglis and Miss Morris, three of the spectators at The Lakes, near Twyford

HUNTING NOTES

THE Whaddon Chase are finding good sport all over their country. A strong litter of cubs in the Grove provided an enjoyable morning from Beachampton and an old fox went away from Lionel's Thorns. On another occasion, from the Kennels, hounds were first put into New Covert and at once roused a brace, which, however, were enterprising enough to get away. A move was then made to the Creslow, where cubs were found in Jubilee and Hook. Cubs were killed at Mursley and Addington, but a week later, at Mentmore, hard going made things difficult as determined foxes dodged from one small covert to another.



PRIOR to commencing hunting in their own country, the South Herts Beagles, under their new Master, Capt. F. Goddard Jackson, put in a fortnight's hunting in Northumberland, where they showed capital sport and accounted for several hares. It was originally arranged to have three weeks' joint hunting with the Trinity Foot Beagles, but, at the last minute, that pack was prevented from leaving Cambridge owing to an outbreak of distemper in their kennels. Nevertheless, several members of the Trinity Foot went north to hunt with the South Herts, including the Master, Mr. Alan Baxter. Capt. Goddard Jackson carried the horn, with Mr. John Busby and Mr. Humphrey Cranfield whipping-in to him.

ALDENHAM HARRIERS' Hunter Trials held at Beaumont Hall, Redbourn, produced a fine entry of 139 for all classes, which were judged by Major Leigh Stedall, Mr. R. Streather, Mr. C. Leet-ham and Mr. K. Holland.

The championship was won by Miss Rosemary Barratt (Old Berkeley-East) on her fine grey, Ballymena, which took the cup presented by Mr. Stanley Taylor, a former Master of the Aldenham. In the open class, Mr. J. Richardson's Finnis Hill, ridden by Mr. Geoffrey Hartop (the present Joint-Master of the Aldenham, who rode many rounds), was placed first, followed by Ballymena and Miss Vivienne Machin Goodall's Neptune. Miss Goodall, who came from Suffolk to compete, was placed second on Hawk in the Ladies' event, which was won by Miss A. Hill Wood's Fisherman. The opening meet is on October 25th.

THE Hertfordshire Hounds have been cub-hunting on three mornings a week mostly on the Bedfordshire side of their country. They have found some strong litters, especially around Edlesborough and the vale country below the Dunstable Downs, where they caught their first cub of the season in the open.

Scent on the hard, dry ground has been poor, and these unfavourable conditions were still apparent when they met on the southern side of their country at Garston Manor.

The date of the Hunt Ball, which was originally arranged for early in 1948, has now, owing to petrol restrictions, been brought forward to Tuesday, November 25th.

CUB-HUNTING in Warwickshire continued with a grand morning at Oxhill, when one and a half brace were killed, and a few days later hounds had another good run and killed one. Scent has been moderate on the whole. The Hunt Horse Show was a very pleasant gathering and a great success.

MR. MICHAEL BERRY and his sister, Mrs. A. M. Long, continue their Joint-Mastership of the Woodland Pytchley. Mr. Michael Berry will be hunting hounds himself this season, Cecil Gooch having left to go as huntsman to the Eglinton. George Goodwin has come from the North Cotswold as first whipper-in and kennel huntsman. There is a good-looking young entry of 11 couple to put on, and the prospects for the season are excellent.



A coach belonging to the Craven Lodge Club, where the ball was held. Lord Reay is in the driving seat, the Hon. Caroline Cust looks out of the window, and Lord Newtown-Butler is on the extreme left. Other passengers include Capt. and Mrs. J. C. Bullock, Mr. J. Greenwood, Mr. Raymond Taylor, Mr. T. Fairhurst, Mrs. Arthur Gemmell, Lady Newtown-Butler and Mrs. E. G. Plum

Leicestershire Yeomanry Ball



Lord Burghersh and the Hon. Caroline Cust, who celebrated her nineteenth birthday at 12.1 a.m.



Lord Brownlow, Lord Lieutenant of Lincolnshire, and Lady Brownlow, parents of the Hon. Caroline Cust



Capt. and Mrs. Alan Kyle were among the 160 guests at this successful Melton Mowbray event



Miss K. Canlare and Capt. M. J. W. Marsh also helped to keep the gaiety going into the small hours



Col. Edward Fitzpatrick, Mrs. Fitzpatrick (formerly Lady Nuttall) and the Hon. Mrs. William Rollo



Mr. H. G. Durster, C.B.E., and Mrs. Durster enjoying a chat in a quiet corner of the club

Swabe



Viscount Adare, who sold several yearlings at the sale, with Sir Percy Loraine, Bt.



Lord Decies, who recently joined the ranks of Irish trainers, and Lady Decies. They live at Castle Bernard, Offaly



Lady Irwin with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hastings. Mrs. Hastings is a granddaughter of the Earl of Derby



Viscountess Adare and Mrs. Gerald Annesley, wife of the successful Irish owner

High Prices at Dublin Bloodstock Sales



A bay colt by Blue Peter out of Solar Flower, bought by Mr. C. Wade, the North Country owner, from Mr. Joseph McGrath for £13,700, a record top price. Four other yearlings from the same stud averaged £5,925



Lady Rugby, wife of the U.K. Representative to Eire, with Mr. Cosgrave, ex-President of the Irish Free State



The Earl of Harrington and Miss Olive Creed, a well-known follower of the United Hounds, Co. Cork



Mrs. Frankie O'More Ferrall, whose husband is well known in racing circles on both sides of the Channel, with Don d'Ardia Caracciolo, who has a stud in Co. Waterford



Pool, Dublin
The Hon. Gerald Wellesley (centre), the trainer, with Capt. R. Shelley, his assistant, and Miss Marguerite Quinlan, one of the Gaekwar of Baroda's secretaries



Priscilla of Paris

Autumn Salon

THE FARM ON THE ISLAND.—Our woes and tribulations are many in Paris, and it is no consolation to think that the rest of Europe seems hardly better off, England especially since October 1st. What gets us down more than anything over here is that the Black Market seems to be so cynically and powerfully organised by the very people from whom we had expected a certain amount of help and protection. The winter will be hard, but meanwhile we are enjoying the most glorious sunshine and blue skies.

When I ran up to Paris for a couple of days this week, I found the same gay, lightly-clad crowds seated at the little tables outside the cafés of the Champs Élysées that I had left in early September. The drastic cuts in petrol and permits to drive do not seem to have affected the traffic so far. No doubt wise owner-drivers have been saving up. I cannot believe that all the cars one sees can afford to consume "juice" at the B.M. price of 100 francs the litre. Being obliged to save my remaining cans for my final trip home (laden, I hope, with potatoes!) I made my little jaunt by public char-à-banc and train, as during Occupation. Three whole years after the Liberation. . . .

I WENT to the Salon d'Automne at the Palais de Tokio. In recent times this salon has made a point of glorifying every year an artist of renown. Immediately after Liberation we had its exhibition of Picasso's most recent works, which caused great ink-spilling and excitement. Next followed the works of Matisse and Pierre Bonnard. More peaceful. This year there is a remarkable collection of pictures by, amongst others, Cézanne, Renoir,

Henry de Waroquier, Laprade and Odilon Redon, that celebrates the centenary of the birth of Frantz-Jourdain, who, from 1903 to the day of his death, was the president of the Autumn Salon. These occupy three rooms. The rest of the building houses the works of many old friends . . . and others to whom one feels less friendly.

THERE are five canvases by Henri Matisse before which one lingers. There is MacAvoy's portrait of Somerset Maugham (which the young broadcasters of the French radio will insist on calling "Mow-ghan"). Simon Auguste's *Femme endormie* is one of the most subtle works he has yet given us. There is a charming study of Hélène Perdrière, the young actress who is to appear shortly in a revival of one of Mr. Priestley's plays, pending the première of the French version of *Gaslight*, that had such a big screen success here with Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. Poncelet's picture, representing a child busy with its paint-box in its nursery, enchants all visitors who like a picture with a story à la Christmas supplement, and Adrien Holy's group of chorus girls backstage at the theatre also delights the multitude.

I returned to the Island in time to speed the departure of the notable guests who have crowded here this August. We have no casino, no golf links, and no theatre—only the local cinema in an old barn, with rows of wooden benches and year-old films. A haven of rest for those who, the year round, depend on outside entertainment and who discover here that rising at dawn to catch the best tides for shrimping (our shrimps are really gorgeous prawns), that

going to market oneself—string-bag and all—and retiring to bed early with a detective novel that does not always keep one awake, is a happy change from the gaieties of the Riviera or the Normandy plages.

I was in time for the finals of a bridge tournament, of which the international player Max Ters and his charming newly-married blonde wife, née Claude Samazeuilh, were easy victors. "Happy Families" being the top notch of my own card exploits, I was a mere looker-on while attending to the drinks.

Voilà!

● Monsieur Bouvard returns from his club rather the worse for an evening's libations. A kind friend guides his uncertain footsteps. He waxes sentimental. "Thash's my lil' house," he declares as he pushes open the unlatched door. . . . "And thash's my lil' stairs," he adds as he stumbles up them. "Thash's my lil' bedroom," he cries as he opens the door, "and [gloatingly] thash's my lil' wife!" The horrified friend tries to drag him away before the sleepers wake. "You've made a mistake, old man," he says, "it's the wrong house . . . there's a man there!" "Don't be foolish," says M. Bouvard, "thash's ME!"



Mrs. Atlee's At Home for the Victory (Ex-Services) Club Autumn Fair

Mrs. Atlee and Mrs. Lewis Douglas, wife of the U.S. Ambassador. The At Home was held at No. 10, Downing Street



Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke discussing the Fair, which takes place on November 6th



Brig-Gen. Sir R. Fitzpatrick, British Legion chairman, and Mrs. Atlee are amused by a remark of Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode



Watching the festivities were Miss P. Brevis, Mr. Lumbaine Forrester, Mr. Kerr and Mrs. Binnie



Four more of the guests: Miss E. Seeley, Mr. Arnold Brown, Mrs. W. M. Thorne and Mrs. S. Hayward



Earl and Countess De La Warr and Mr. Turner, all three vice-presidents of the

TOWN AND COUNTRY BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL



The Corps Diplomatique was well represented. Here the Belgian Ambassador and his wife, Vicomte and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies (centre), are with M. and Mme. Tollenaar



Two striking costumes were those of Sir H. Bowden as a Roman, and Mrs. Claude W.



Mr. Basil Herson fastening Miss Lavinia Lambton's shoe. They were Spanish dancers



Miss Gilford, Mr. P. M. Ulyatt and Miss Betty Hopkins represented the eighteenth and sixteenth centuries

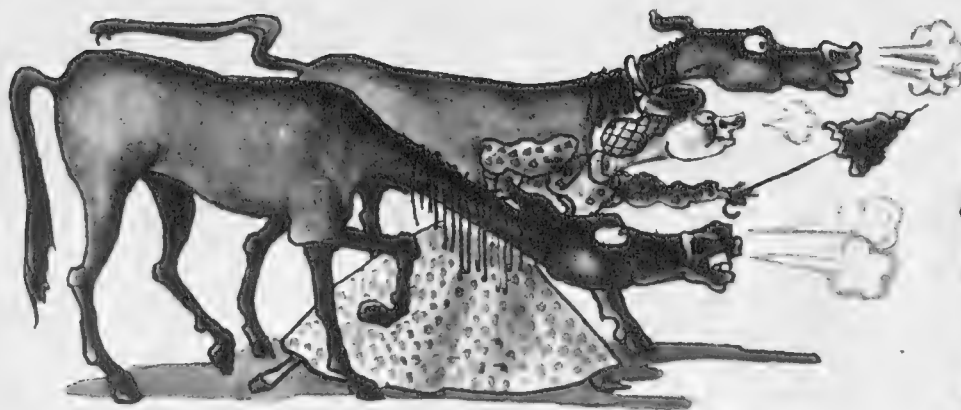


The parade of fancy dresses which place before the prize-giving revealed remarkable "creations"



The Duchess of Gloucester with her party. Sitting with her is the Duke of Norfolk. The ball was in aid of the National Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs and the National Association of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs

A Gay Occasion to Help Young People's Clubs, at Which H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester was Present as Patron, and Distributed the Prizes



D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Standing By ...

DECORATIONS BY WYSARD

RAVISHED by the spectacle of three thousand clean, ardent faces packing the Dome of Brighton Pavilion during the recent Conservative Conference, a lyrical chap remarked quite truly in a Sunday paper that the greatest musical virtuosi have often failed to do as much.

He could have added two other interesting things about the Dome. Firstly, it was the only part of the original Pavilion which was never full of drunk and hiccupping Whigs, including Fox and Sheridan, for the simple reason that the Prince Regent stabled his horses in it. Secondly, it was a vivid memory of the contemptuous snorting of the Regent's horses which gave an elderly sporting peer a big idea in the 1850's, which he put up to Disraeli.

"How about trainin' a lot of spankin' gees for snortin' at Whigs?"

"Might break their spirit, mightn't it?"

"Rubbish, an aunt of mine goes round 'snortin' at Whigs all day long and she's in roarin' condition."

"You mean Lady Emily?"

"That's the one. Horsie, we call her in the family."

"Egad!" said Disraeli, slapping his thigh, "that grand dame gives me an idea, boy." And thus, after some bother, the Primrose League was born.

Snag

IN an old house up an alley near the railway-station of Alcalá de Henares, not far from Madrid, the glorious Cervantes—his 400th anniversary has just been celebrated—was born, maybe. Anyway the international delegation duly visited it.

While not hilariously bogus, like Shakespeare's, the birthplace of Cervantes has a vague doubt hanging over it, a Spaniard tells us, as over so many literary big boys' natal shrines from Virgil's down. The point of course being that it is hard for any Town Council to decide whether a given newborn infant is going to be worth a commemorative tablet or not (if you'd viewed Slogger Shaw, for example, mewling and puking in Nanny's arms you'd almost certainly have kept your bowler hat on). Some day a way will probably be discovered of detecting genius at birth. The usual tablet can then be affixed in the week following, leaving a discreet blank:

IN THIS HOUSE
ON OCTOBER 31, 1995,
WAS BORN
THE INCOMPARABLE GHERKIN,
POET.
(d. ———)

Then the tourist-industry can start, bang off.

Afterthought

WHEN the incomparable Gherkin attains years of discretion and begins raising hell, as many geniuses do (cf. Racine), the Town Council may reasonably add to the fifth line, at the feverish request of Gherkin's wife and family and a representative group of hysterical and weeping women, the words "AND STINKARD." By that time the tourist racket should be so firmly organised that when the Council finally alters "POET" to "LOUSE" nobody will notice.

Tabulation

SCOLDING a couple of citizens, each compulsorily educated and exercising the Parliamentary vote, who tried halfheartedly to hold up a rural Post Office van, one of the Fleet Street boys carried on as if this disgraceful idea had never occurred to anyone before. Which, an aged playgoer who recalls Irving's magnificent if hammy performance in *The Lyons Mail* assures us, is a fallacy.

Looking it up, we find Irving's jigamaroo was based on fact. The affair of the Lyons Mail, held up near Melun on the Paris-Lyons highroad by four horsemen on the night of the 8th Floréal of the Year IV of the Republic One and Indivisible—April 27, 1796, to you—hinges on a still unsolved mistaken-identity problem involving a relatively-virtuous citizen named Lesurques and a bad hat, closely resembling him, named Dubosq. Both were guillotined. Even more distressing to lovers of the G.P.O. is the odd fact that the Republic's mail-wagon, carrying some £3000 worth of money and valuables, had only two officials in charge of it—a courier, armed with two pistols, and an unarmed postilion, both murdered. Finally, the mail-wagon also carried a mysterious muffled-up passenger, who vanished after the hold-up. In a word, all set beforehand and okey-doke for The Boys.

Organisation is the thing, as our native thugs too often forget. Tabulate! Tabulate! (Cry of wellknown Fleet Street Czar.)

Eros

SOME members are wearing suits too loud for the City," was the explanation (so-called) to the *Daily Mail* when a broker walked on the floor of the London Stock Exchange the other day in natty new plum-coloured suitings and his jealous little play-mates mobbed and all but debagged him. Only the most moronic of blondes would fall for that story. As any ornithologist can tell you, it's the Stock Exchange mating-season.

Stockbrokers woo their mates by song, flaunting brilliant plumage, and mobbing and

all but debagging any rivals in brighter colours. The females, whose plumage is a quiet brown, brood songlessly in Surrey among the rhododendrons, while the males fight it out on the Floor. As Tennyson observed, with only one careless slip:

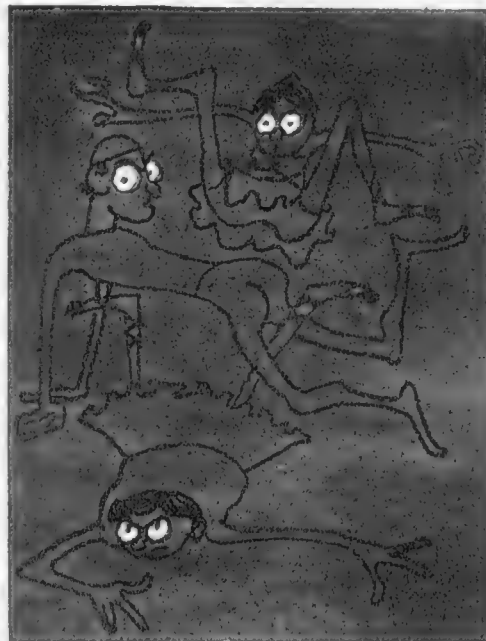
In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon
the broker's breast,
In the Spring the wanton jobber gets lewd
stories off his chest;

In the Spring they fight and swagger and
sell out at 48,
In the Spring each gay deceiver gets
himself a dusky mate . . .

Actually the mating season round Capel Court is October. However, Tennyson gets the Stock Exchange atmosphere at this period with prophetic accuracy:

There the passions cramp'd no longer shall
have scope and breathing-space;
There the fops in plum-red plumage find
themselves in sorry case . . .

The turmoil is all over by November, except at home.





Suspense

How the Great Victorians kept their pants up (one recalls, reading that no elastic braces will be on sale in Great Britain this year) is one of the most jealously-guarded secrets in our rough Island story.

No Victorian memoirist or biographer gives it away, and nobody thought of asking. It was reverently assumed by the Race that the Great Victorians—e.g., Disraeli, Gladstone, and Huxley—kept their pants up by sterling virtue and rugged moral character, except maybe Darwin, who trusted to Natural Selection. Today it seems almost certain that those boys fooled the Race by wearing braces. Thus do the Druids still fool our hairy and passionate kinsmen the Welch as they prance to and fro at Gorsedd-time, with the regulation three inches of calvinistic Sunday trousering peeping shyly from under each pagan nightie. Our kinsmen think the druidical pants are kept up by pure ecstasy. Not so the bard Iolo ap Grrwchrffyd, whose pessimism rings balefully in every Druid's ear:

Far more than the fiery cry "Is it Peace?"
With which the Archdruid unsheathes the
Gorsedd Sword,
I dread a sudden "pop!"
And a saucy squeal
From Mrs. Evans the Groceries.

As a fellow-Celt we asked a Breton recently why the nineteenth-century Bretons never took up pseudo-Druidism. He admitted that it was just this very fear; apart of course from ordinary commonsense.

Tenebrism

WHEN the stagehands at the Opéra went on strike recently over Ballet-Master Serge Lifar and refused to switch on the lights, no lover of ballet, we perceive, thought of carrying on with the performance in the dark, thus creating a vital new art-form (called, perhaps, Tenebrism).

As we pointed out last week to a Sadler's Wells balletomane with a typical eggshaped head, the purely auditive values of ballet have never been properly exploited. When an enormous ballerina skids during (say) *Les Sylphides* and crashes, the ear receives æsthetic pleasure but the eye instinctively resents the interruption, so to speak, in the choreographic pattern. If she crashed in the dark and the danseur noble and the corps de ballet fell on her, as they probably would, the untrammelled ear would perceive dynamic and plastic values hitherto unrevealed to the most cretinous of balletomanes, apart from the vocal obbligate.

"Who tripped you, dear?"

"It's that blasted boy-butterfly again, dear. Took a running jump at me, he did."

"OOOH! What a fraytful lay!"

"Gertie saw him—didn't you, dear?"

"That's right, dear."

"OOOH! What a fraytful lay!"

Meditation

THESSE and other auditive impressions floating from the darkened stage would not merely add a new beauty to ballet but would force the critics to find yet more idiotic jargon to describe it in. Thus Literature would benefit, also.

EMMWOOD'S AVIARY: NO. 8

An interesting bird, in great danger of becoming extinct—a possibility welcomed with unseemly glee by many bird agents



The Oldrury Warbler— or Ham

(Nogoasta-Noworka)

Adult Male: General colour ruddy-fulvous above, toning to blueness around the beak and mandibles; beak arrogantly curved, generally wine-tinted; head feathers dark and shaggy, growing low on the neck, impervious to water; tufted growths over the eye sacs; body feathers sombre in colour, tufted at extremities; legs usually chequered; feet black and inclined to flatness. Bird of passage.

Habits: Many true lovers of this bird are continually attempting to ensure its preservation by revivals of old Ham Fodder on which the bird thrives.

Many older observers will remember when the Oldrury Warblers were regular and colourful

visitors to the avenues of London. Nowadays the species seeks its food in the Provinces.

The bird feeds mainly on paper or scripts, but has been known to go for a considerable time on nothing but drink. When nested in colonies the Hams are most interesting to watch. They will strike most amusing attitudes and endeavour to make themselves heard one above the other, their deep, rolling cry—"Wenayeplade"—becoming at times almost deafening. When roused they play Hamlet.

Habitats: In and around avenues; bars, in which they roost, and all buildings of histrionic interest.

Adult Female: Now believed extinct, owing to the male playing Hamlet too often.



Miss Jane Keene and Miss Margaret Farnsworth, two young followers who made up part of the large field



Mr. George Earle (on horseback), at whose home, Baggrave Hall, Leics., the meet was held, with Mrs. Jack Hirsch and Mr. Alfred Part



Swabe

Mrs. Denis Aldrige, Miss E. Ellis, Mr. David Aldrige and Miss R. Aldrige were four of those who went on foot. Hard ground and poor scent did not dampen their enthusiasm

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

AT the most inaccessible place in England (until the days of George IV.) the best General since Marlborough said that the committing to memory of some passages of poetry had been "a great treasure and comfort" to him during his lifetime, and a "most valuable part of education." Drawing a bow at a venture, I should say that it is incalculable odds on one of these pieces of poetry being that which says "'twas brillig and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe," and then goes on to relate how the momeraths outgrabe. There is so much outgrabing going on at the moment, that Brighton must have recalled memories of the times when the "gifted ladies," who laid so sure a foundation for the erudition at which the whole world wonders, had charge of him.

Another bit I am sure that England's greatest strategist learnt by heart is *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, for, not only was his regiment on the premises at that moment, but the sentiments have always suited his humour so well. The 4th Hussars were as keen as the others upon preventing those 17th Lancers chaps getting there first. Mr. Churchill is saturated with that spirit.

"Thim People!"

IT is pleasant now and again to talk about other things than battle, murder and sudden death—the favourite topics. That Green Isle so famous for horses and the prettiest girls in the world, has likewise ere now staked a claim to a monopoly in fairies, and I opine that there are few who have ever visited that fascinating land—once daringly described as "John Bull's Other Island"—who will not recall how dangerous it was to be incredulous about "thim people." The Dear Distressful Country's claim has been hotly disputed by many who are not the least that way, and most convincing evidence has been produced of the existence of fairies in even such matter-of-fact places as London and Brighton, just to name a brace at random.

You and I no doubt have heard succinct accounts when we have been in Ireland of how poor harmless little Corney Cassidy was dragged out of his ass-cart in the blackness of the night, when returning from the wake on his "Ant's" sister, and left stretched for dead just because he had said or done something to offend the Little People; and equally, no doubt, you have heard of that fox covert in the Blazers' country or, maybe, the Meath's or the Scarteen's, that no sooner you are in than you find yourself and your hounds out again, the rides just going right-about wheel and taking you back to the very spot at which in you went? Or again, how Danny the second whip got such a tweak of the nose that it has remained dark purple ever since, all just because he would insist upon trying to bring on one of the tail hounds? And there are also all the rather frightening accounts of what the Leprechauns have done to people chump-headed enough to vex them or say that they were the phantasms of those who had drink taken?

All this is common form, as those lawyers say; but have you ever come across anyone, anywhere, who has said that he has not only seen them, but found them so thick upon the

ground as to be a positive nuisance and stumbling-block? I have—and listen and I'll tell you how!

Broachillaean

THE spelling I know is correct, for I got it from the very chap himself who owns the woods in which they swarm; and he isn't an Irishman, either, but hunts with the Buccleuch, the woods in question leading down to his bit of salmon water on the Tweed. He says that most formidable word merely means "Little Men," the terminal being the same as in the Irish Colleen, or Dhudeen, which latter only signifies a pipe that will burn the tip of your nose off. Well, this Borderer at Kelso says that his Broachillaean are about 2 ft. high, quite brown, active as fleas, and as mischievous as any Leprechaun; that they won't speak to you, merely squeak, make faces and trip you up with a bit of ground ivy, or, bit you a slap over the nose with a sturdy sapling, and then scurry away yelling with laughter.

His dogs are scared stiff of them, and several of his servants have handed in their portfolios because of the tricks the little devils play. I should be very surprised to be told that this can be beaten by anyone in Ireland, or even on the Lincolnshire side of the Belvoir country, where witches and suchlike are still quite plentiful, especially near Byard's Leap—a story of a witch and a horse too long to tell at the moment—but you can go and see the hoof-marks for yourself if you feel so disposed.

When I was in the Buccleuch country I merely wanted to go out foxhunting, so I declined this chap's invitation to take a stroll down to the river and see for myself—not, of course, that I was afraid of brown or any other coloured men, but I reasoned that one could collect enough falls over the flake gates and the walls without any aid from mischievous pixies. I suppose in that Border Country with Thomas the Rhymer (Thomas Learmont of Erceldoune) still locked up in the Eildons by The Faerie Queene, one ought not to be surprised at anything in this line; but I feel certain that it is best to ride wide and leave Brown Men and even fair-haired ladies to them as have a taste for 'em.

Travelling in India

I AM publishing an extract from a letter sent me by an officer of a famous Indian Cavalry Regiment who has elected to transfer to the British Army in preference to taking service under either of the new régimes in India, and who is now, I believe, safely on the way home. It was written from a station in the United Provinces in the middle of September, when the rains were still in full flood:

I am leaving India (I hope) on October 4th. How I am to get to Delhi even to get the 'plane to take me to Karachi I don't know, because at the moment of writing one can only go as far as Muttra by train. From there to Delhi you have to hitch-hike on the supply lorries. That is all very well for one person, but is an entirely different matter with a wife and two small children.

Muttra is about one hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Delhi; the state of the roads in dry weather is not exactly good!

Cubbing with the Quorn



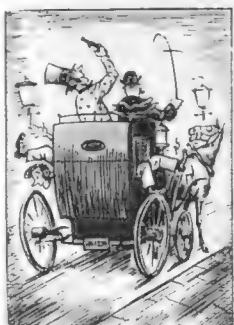
The Somerset and Gloucester XV. In front: D. Roberts, G. Green; sitting: S. H. Davies, A. Meredith, J. L. Griffin, Ian Lumsden (captain), S. T. J. Walker, M. Howell, T. Hicks; standing: T. Millington (touch judge), W. J. Jenkins, F. Discombe, C. Price, J. Thornton, T. Price, G. Hudson, R. A. Roberts



The Australians: On ground: C. T. Burke, C. J. Windsor; sitting: C. J. Windon, G. M. Cooke, W. M. McLean (captain), T. Allan (vice-captain), R. E. MacMaster, E. H. Davis, A. E. J. Tonkin; standing: E. G. Broad, N. Shehadie, M. L. Howell, J. W. T. MacBride, W. L. Dawson, K. C. Winning

The Australian Touring Team will be seen in London this month, and their first international is against Scotland on November 22. The match played at Kingsholm against the Gloucester and Somerset XV., who lost to the Wallabies by 8 points to 30, recalled the memorable occasion of an Australian team's last visit there in 1908, when they beat the home side by 16—0

Scoreboard



IF Mr. Osric Barrel, of Lock, Stock, and Barrel, W.S. (but only just), Commissioners for Oaths and half-commissioners for anything that's going, who was last seen asleep in the newly-raked bunker behind the sixteenth green, will decant the sand from his ears and go at once to the Secretary's office, he will find something to his disadvantage; viz., the door of that office locked, the time half-past two on Thursday morning, the club cat off its head and scoring tries between his feet, the steward reading *Forever Amber* aloud to the caddie-master in the card-room, and an illegible notice stating that everyone's handicap was raised by 4 in August and reduced by the same figure in September.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Barrel stays where he thinks (if he can) that he is, he will find none of these things, but will continue his untaxed dream of innocent boyhood; when he was still O. Barrel Mins., terror of the dancing-class, cynosure of the science master's pop-eyed daughter, and teetotal conker-champion of Under Fourth B, when he had not yet learnt Blackstone on Nolle Prosequi and Sine Qua Non, where to buy black homburg hats with reversible brims, the pitch-and-run-for-ever stroke, and the inadvisability of mixing South African sherry with South American Sauterne and fermented sherbet. This is the second time of asking. 13s. 4d. No postage-stamps. [Advt.]

THIS, unless I am reading my Calendar upside-down, is about October 21st, when, about 142 years ago (*Manchester Guardian* Quiz-Editor, please copy), Villeneuve, having emerged reluctantly from Cadiz with three-and-thirty French and Spanish ships, fell in with Nelson, seven-and-twenty British ships, at Trafalgar. 1805. On a summer's day of the same year George Gordon, Lord Byron, played cricket

against Eton for Harrow, who were "most confoundingly beat." After the match, the cricketers spent the right sort of evening, "seven of us in a single hackney, four Eton and three Harrow." Sixteen years later, there played in the Harrow team, at the age of fourteen, one Charles Wordsworth, nephew of the poet William, whose views on cricket belong to silence. A pity about William. He should have written an Ode on Intimations of Mortality from Recollections of Facing with brown-paper Pads a hay-wire Fast Bowler on a Natural Wicket.

Back to Harrow and nephew Charles. In 1821 there was no match against Eton, because it was banned by the Eton headmaster, Dr. Keate, whose further entitlement to fame and gratitude is that he flogged everybody he could see and a fair number he couldn't. But, in 1822, the Eton v. Harrow began, at Lord's. Charles Wordsworth, left-hander, took eight Eton wickets, and Harrow won. But Byron was far away, expelled by a rush of Society morality and consoling himself, not unsuccessfully, in Italy. A few summers afterwards, one Manning, later Cardinal, played for Harrow.

Ah, Clio, elusive Muse of History. And how, impatient reader, you ask in querulous tones, do I know all this? Keep wondering. Wonder is the source and secret of perpetual youth; that, and elastic-sided footwear.

SO, still thinking of one thing but talking of S another, by now probably to myself alone, I would like to report, as the costive cannon remarked, that some of us went to Blenheim, Woodstock, the other fine day. Behind the Palace lies that village cricket ground which must be on the shortest list of English beauty. On the other side, we walked to that monument which was raised to the genius and memory of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough. On it, his deeds are inscribed in language whose organ-note surely inspired our own and only Winston, orator and patriot.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



The Wallabies' two half-backs are Cyril Burke, who comes from Sydney, and Jack Cremin, from Newcastle, New South Wales



A. T. Voyce, England's famous Rugger International of the 'twenties, talking to W. M. McLean, skipper of the Wallabies

D. R. Stuart



F. J. Goodman

Lady Cochrane, wife of Capt. Sir Ernest Cochrane, the second baronet, has in recent years become a noted novelist under her maiden name of Flora Sandstrom. Her last novel, *The White Unicorn*—the legendary creature is taken as a symbol of happiness, mystical, beautiful and elusive—has now been filmed, with Margaret Lockwood, Ian Hunter and Dennis Price in the leading rôles. This picture of Lady Cochrane was taken at Shoppenhangers Manor, Maidenhead, which appears in one of her books

Elizabeth Bowen's

"The Building of Bath"

"Private Enterprise"

"A' Wede Away"

"British Universities"

Book Reviews

THE Prologue to Bryan Little's *The Building of Bath* (Collins; 15s.) opens with the now-fashionable disclaimer—"this is not a guide book"—

—not a guide book to the city where English guide books first appeared. Nor again is it a full history of a place whose legendary origins take us at least as far back as Elijah's time, and whose long authentic story starts as early as the reign of Vespasian. The bibliography tells of many excellent and pains-taking works wherein all can be discovered that the most curious inquirer would wish to know. Yet history is of the very essence of Bath's being and cannot be left on one side. What I have tried to do for the general reader is to detail and to relate to Bath's own history and the social development of all England the streets and buildings that resident and visitor alike can see in the Bath of to-day.

Nor is Bath of England alone. There have been times when Bath has figured in the whole European scene, and to judge by the throng of visitors in recent years her name and fame cannot be unknown in America. Georgian Bath was certainly familiar,

and not only by hearsay, to the Americans of Colonial and early Federal times.

Let us, then, agree to call Mr. Little's book, if not guide, a *guiding*—he directs one's imagination into channels of knowledge. Imagination, Bath evokes to the full. No other city in these islands shows Bath's peculiar blend of the gay and noble—spaciousness, perspective, august façades such as one associates with Italy played upon by the tenderer changing Somerset light; classical pediments cut out against romantic backdrop of hills; ascending straight streets of exquisite uniformity, terrace upon terrace hanging over the other roofs.

Mr. Little is right in suggesting that Bath's peculiar magic most appears when the city is seen at sunset or by the full moon. There are moments, one knows, when the yellow tinge in the stone fires to golden, and the buildings seem to send out a radiation. To me, Bath is, in the least melancholy, most mellow sense, haunted—less by any individual personalities than by the accumulation of her own past.

That past is, as Mr. Little points out, indivisible from the social past of England, which expressed itself nowhere else so exclusively or in so perfect a flowering. The city shows, indeed, in its plan and architecture, direct descent from the Roman concept of urbane existence—was it for this reason that the news of the 1942 air raids on it, with the (as it mercifully turned out, exaggerated) reports of destruction, set up in us a peculiar shock? The bomb has not been the only barbarian onslaught—centuries ago, the original Aquæ Sulis, famous in Roman Britain, became submerged under the indifference of the Dark Ages; and, again, with the commercialism of the nineteenth century and the not less monstrous enterprise of our own, eyesores have intruded, gems have been sacrificed.

Though Mr. Little writes with a tact liable to offend no Bath citizen, it is evident that he deplores some of the innovations, not least one or two of the monuments, for which sentiment

rather than discrimination accounts. In some cases, he considers that trees are in the wrong place—the Circus and one or two of the squares were conceived to be seen as a whole: one should have been able to have a clear view across them, or to look around from the middle and see everything. Obfuscation by heavy summery verdure, however in itself pleasant, makes this impossible. . . . In the main, however, Bath has suffered wonderfully little: she has stood out, as it were by force of her own being, against more weakly modern concepts of life. There are some personalities, whether in stone or human, with whom one does not easily take liberties.

The Building of Bath does, as it promises, trace the growth of the city on from the days of Bladud, the not impossibly legendary swine-herd king, whose charges, in the Gadarene manner, rushed downhill and immersed themselves in black mud where the hot springs of Bath now boil up. Upon deciding to imitate them, Bladud found himself cured of leprosy: no longer disqualified for the royal rôle, he thereupon claimed his crown, and, in gratitude, founded the first baths. Superstition, as the centuries went on, attributed what would now seem impossible virtues to the waters: childless queens and notable ladies sought them—some obtained good results, others not. The Roman approach was as rational as their thermal buildings. The mediæval resurgence of Bath was, as Mr. Little summarises it, owing to monks and wool: churches and the Abbey (which was to be left, for a long time after the Reformation, uncompleted and roofless) soared up, and Bath was at the same time centre of a prosperous trade.

WITH the seventeenth century, there was development out from the core; but not, as is generally known, till the eighteenth century did deliberation appear in the city's plan. Then came the golden period, the inundation by the *beau monde*, the heyday. The Napoleonic Wars, with the accompaniment of hardships we know so well, put a stop to the realisation of further grand designs; and though Bath still spread, it was not in the former manner. Mr. Little has very clearly traced the ascending, then the descending, line. To be frank, before ever Napoleon raised his bullet head, there had been a perceptible dimming of Bath's social glory. It is true that the Bath of *Persuasion*, 1814, does not show many traces of decline: Jane Austen's social photography cannot, one feels, err, but possibly she did not know what she was missing. More vital, if equally more squalid, is the 1760 scene of Smollett's *Humphry Clinker*.

The builders of Bath, whether social or architectural, were in their own way visionaries. Beginning with the pre-Reformation ecclesiastics, Mr. Little gives us portraits of the men who, whether in stone or in idea, left their mark on the city—Beau Brummel, Allen, the elder and younger Woods and their successors. In his architectural survey, outdoor and indoor, of residential Bath, Mr. Little provides something valuable: photographs, illustrating his text, show everything from the sweep of entire frontages to the detail of ceilings, staircases, alcoves, fireplaces and fanlit doors. In the main, he points out, Bath houses, even of the best period, are not (for their period) rich in interior decoration—for this reason: they never were, in the full sense, homes, but rather houses for transients, rented for a season. For the same reason, there is a disproportion between the reception rooms and the sleeping quarters. Private parties, demanding enormous drawing-rooms, became more and more of a feature as the Assembly Rooms, original social focus, became crowded and, in the *beau monde* view, vulgarised: as against this, domestic demands on accommodation were never great—whole families seldom removed to Bath. The mature came to take the waters, the marriageable young people to flirt and dance, but the children were left at home in their own nurseries.

Sadly, Mr. Little's picture of Bath to-day has to record 1942 losses—the most grievous being the gutting of the Assembly Rooms. His view of Bath's future is encouraging. In the main, he favours the Bath Plan made public in 1945: it is, he says, "not drastic. . . . No

doubt," he adds, "there will yet be many modifications, but one hopes that in time Bath will find herself well-housed, her great Georgian treasures still in essence intact, her Assembly Rooms rebuilt. Then, let us hope, she will also have beautified her river, she will welcome her visitors in new and worthy railway and omnibus stations, leading them on to hear good music in a new and beautiful concert hall and to find relief in a well-equipped and architecturally distinguished riverside hospital. All these details will be needed if twentieth- and twenty-first-century Bath is to perform the social functions first laid down in *Aquæ Sulis* and so gloriously revived in the Bath of the later-day Augustans."

ANGELA THIRKELL in this her latest novel, *Private Enterprise* (Hamish Hamilton; 10s.), is at her very best. Grace, wit, equanimity and engaging narrative power are

RECORD OF THE WEEK

THE second record from Phil Harris and his Orchestra is available now in this country and it is excellent in every way. Married to Alice Fay, it is said that she once sang with his band. If such be the case, Miss Fay is a lucky girl, because Phil's band is first-class.

On one side he sings *Woodman, Spare That Tree*. Never for one moment does he strive to get a laugh, never does he make one feel embarrassed, as is so often the case with humour portrayed by dance-band leaders. He has a grand sense of fun and timing, and he knows what to do with both. Phil Harris has the advantage over most other band leaders that he is a natural entertainer. He is original, an artist, and appreciates the value of words, accompaniment and arrangements.

The second side of the record is devoted to *The Dark Town Poker Party* and that character of characters Bill Jackson, who plays the poker game according to himself; Army game or no Army game, it's just too bad if you don't speak American! In its own particular way this record will be a classic. (H.M.V. BD 1176.)

Robert Tredinnick.

by now, have been for a long time, to be expected of her: to continue to comment on these becomes monotonous. What strikes me most this time is the exactitude of her registration: she is the psychological barometer of one kind of English country life. Her characters are not only people of Baresetshire; they are, in their quiet way, also creatures of history. These successive chronicles of their domestic, social and sentimental lives reflected, not long ago, the war in its every phase: now we have, no less mirrored, the unsettling shimmers of an unpeaceful peace.

These are fictitious persons, but their sensations—from season to season, from year to year—are real: we can testify to their reality, for have we not shared them? As to just what I mean, could there be a better example than this opening?—

Mrs. Noel Merton looked out of the dining-room window with considerable displeasure. It was mid-May, and for at least the one hundred and thirty-fifth time that year the day was beginning with cold grey sulks accompanied by a highly unsympathetic wind. Every tree looked as if it had been blown inside-out, the grass was as leaden as the sky, the river at the bottom of the garden looked like a cross between mud-flats and dirty pewter. A few melancholy birds, their tails blown almost over their heads, their breast feathers untidily ruffled, were lounging aimlessly on the terrace. Not as it used to be, thought Mrs. Merton; a thought which was in the mind of all her elders and most of her contemporaries by day and by night. Since the glorious summer which marked the days of Dunkirk warmth and light

had been withdrawn from England, and the peace, which certainly passed everyone's understanding, had not had the faintest influence on the weather, which had got the bit well between its teeth and was rapidly heading for the ice age.

IT was, one must remember, May '46 when young Mrs. Merton looked out of her dining-room window—consolatory, I find it, to reflect that a summer later Baresetshire, with the rest of our countryside, was due to grill in waves of excessive heat. (To Mrs. Thirkell's next book, in which we should hear of all this, I look forward with the very keenest pleasure.) The chief thing, however, is that in *Private Enterprise* there has been captured, with for what is even for Mrs. Thirkell unusual truth, the dominating mood, or, to put it grandly, psychosis of summer 1946. If the social historian of the future does not refer to this writer's novels, he will not know his business—and is it, really, too much to say that Mrs. Thirkell, however unostentatiously, is something of a social historian herself?

First and foremost, however, what a comedian she is! She commands everything one must have as to sense of situation and dialogue. The arrival, in a quiet neighbourhood, of an exceedingly pretty widow, pre-publicised by an infatuated young man, is in itself promising—while in itself also, one might say, far from particularly unique: it depends on handling; and how it has been handled! Most, if not all, good comedy has, has it not, a certain thread or undertone of poignancy—*Private Enterprise*, therefore, has elegiac moments.

The plot, or one part of it, is also knit up with the contemporary situation: had Lydia Merton not been fatigued and housebound, her husband, the genuinely-loving Noel, would not have deviated, however mildly, in the direction of a new, pretty face. . . . Two more Baresetshire matches are made in the course of this novel—in which, far from incidentally, we also again meet the ever-adorable Mrs. Brandon. The only thing that worries me a little is, the supply of Baresetshire marriageable young people will soon be giving out—shall we then have to wait for those nursery-fulls of children to grow old enough to attract the darts of Cupid?

"A WEDE AWAY," by B. Montagu Scott (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), begins with a struggling young family in a rain-bound manse in the Highlands, and heatedly ends in gangster London. I am not sure that the contrast is not almost too marked—especially as all but two of the numerous original characters, in whose destinies one had been beginning to take an interest, and whose minutest foibles had been rendered in detail, totally disappear in the second half. We meet, it is true, others. An author's decisions as to his or her own plot ought not perhaps to be questioned: I can only say that Miss Montagu Scott's discardings and innovations leave me breathless. She is an able and lively story-teller, albeit in the rhetorical style.

IN *British Universities* ("Britain in Pictures" Series; Collins; 5s.) S. C. Roberts gives the evolution of the idea in this country, together with the early histories of Oxford, Cambridge and the three ancient Scottish universities. Originally, the model was found abroad: chiefly Paris. This short book is a mine of information for those interested in the academic past. Recent times, the foundation of our newer provincial universities, and the educational future, with its likely extensions, are discussed in the closing pages. The illustrations are charming.



John Gunther, author of "Inside U.S.A." (Hamish Hamilton, £1 1s.)

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Wiggin — Anson

Capt. John Henry Wiggin, Grenadier Guards, only son of Sir Charles and Lady Wiggin, married Lady Cecilia Evelyn Anson, younger daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Cheston — Tempest

Capt. Peter R. Cheston, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cheston, of Kenton, married Miss Valerie Frances Tempest, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Piers Tempest, of Eastcote, Middlesex, at the Most Sacred Heart Church, Ruislip



Martin — Gardner

Mr. Roy Martin, elder son of Mrs. Martin and the late Mr. C. W. Martin, of Cheltenham, married Miss Patricia Jean Gardner, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gardner, of Graveley, Hitchin



Duckworth — Chatfield

Mr. Henry Duckworth, and the Hon. Katharine Chatfield, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, were married in the King Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster officiated. Capt. A. C. Duckworth, R.N., brother of the bridegroom, was best man



Wyld — Evans

Lt.-Cdr. Richard H. C. Wyld, D.S.C., R.N., elder son of Capt. H. W. Wyld, D.S.C., R.N., and Mrs. Wyld, married Miss Rosemary Evans, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. W. Evans and of Mrs. Evans, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Grundy — Hamilton-Jones

Mr. F. E. Christopher Grundy, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Estlin Grundy, married Miss Muriel Hamilton-Jones, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton-Jones, of Kingswood Hall, Dulwich, at Henry VII. Chapel, Westminster Abbey



Wilson — Bartlet

Mr. Patrick David Wilson, only son of the late Mr. H. L. Wilson, and of Mrs. Wilson, of Woodstock, near Uckfield, Sussex, married Miss Pamela Bartlet, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bartlet, of Holbrook, Lintula, Ceylon, at All Saints', Crowborough



Madge — Colston

S/Ldr. A. J. Madge, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Madge, of 18, Brabourne Rise, Beckenham, Kent, married Miss Joan Colston, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Colston, of the Danes, Penn, Bucks., at St. Margaret's Church, Tyler's Green, Bucks.



Bostock Hill — Mancroft Samuel

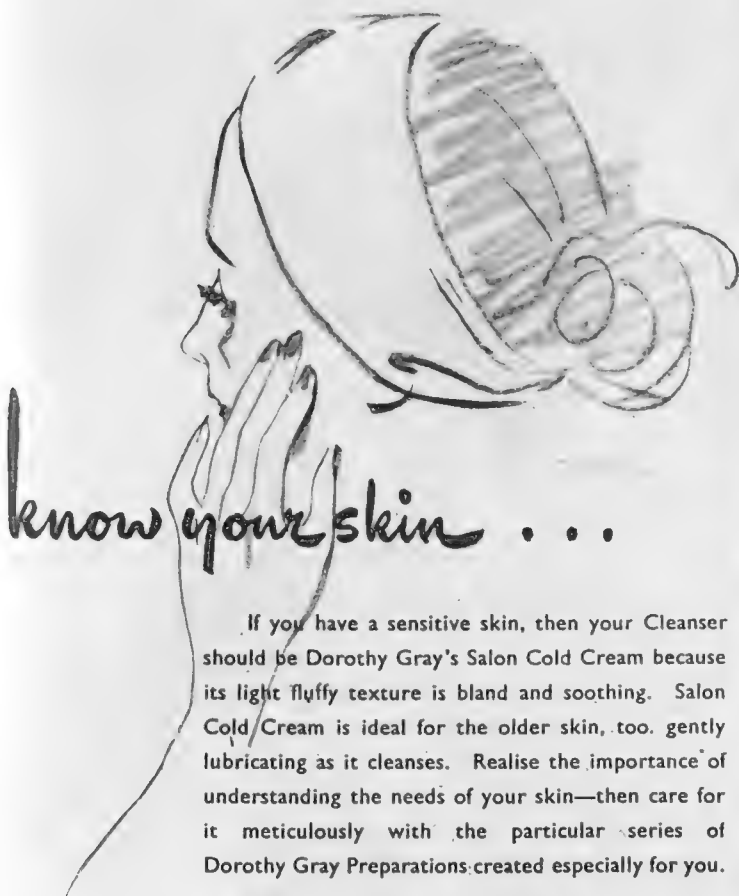
Mr. Justice A. J. Bostock Hill, of the Supreme Court, Johore, Bahru, Malaya, married the Hon. Rosetta Mancroft Samuel, younger daughter of the late Lord Mancroft and of Lady Mancroft, in Singapore

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by Winifred Lewis

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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Janette Barnish, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barnish, of Edgeworth, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey, who is engaged to Hr. Jan Koren, eldest son of Hr. and Fru Kjeld Koren, of Oscarsgt 73, Oslo, Norway



Miss Malka Bluestone, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bluestone, of 24 Fountain House, Park Lane, W.1, who is to marry Sir Albert Cahn, Bt., elder son of the late Sir Julien Cahn, Bt., and of Lady Cahn, of Sesamee, Angmering-on-Sea

Lenare



Miss Eila Jessel, who is engaged to Captain William Straker-Smith, Coldstream Guards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Straker-Smith, of Carham Hall, Cornhill-on-Tweed, Northumberland. Miss Jessel is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jessel, of Whites House, Goudhurst, Kent, and 7 Clarendon Place, W.2



Harlip

Miss Rosalind Mary Home, daughter of the late Captain C. F. Morton Home, and Mrs. Morton Home, of Steyning, Sussex, who is to be married in November to Mr. Henry Leigh Jenkyns, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Jenkyns, of Steeple Court, Botley, Hants



Pearl Freeman

Miss Audrey Wathen, younger daughter of the late Mr. G. W. D. Wathen, and Mrs. C. L. Wathen, of Warren Lodge, Carmarthen Avenue, Cosham, Hants, who is marrying in December Lt. (S.) Michael Plunkett, R.N., only son of the late Lt.-Col. J. O. Plunkett, of Malaya, and Mrs. E. C. Plunkett, of 34 Brunswick Square, Hove



Miss Maureen Lawson-Johnston, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston, of Savoy Plaza, New York, who is engaged to Captain David Bune, late 10th Royal Hussars (P.W.O.), of Greenways, Haywards Heath, Sussex, son of the late Mr. Frank Bune, and of Mrs. Frank Bune

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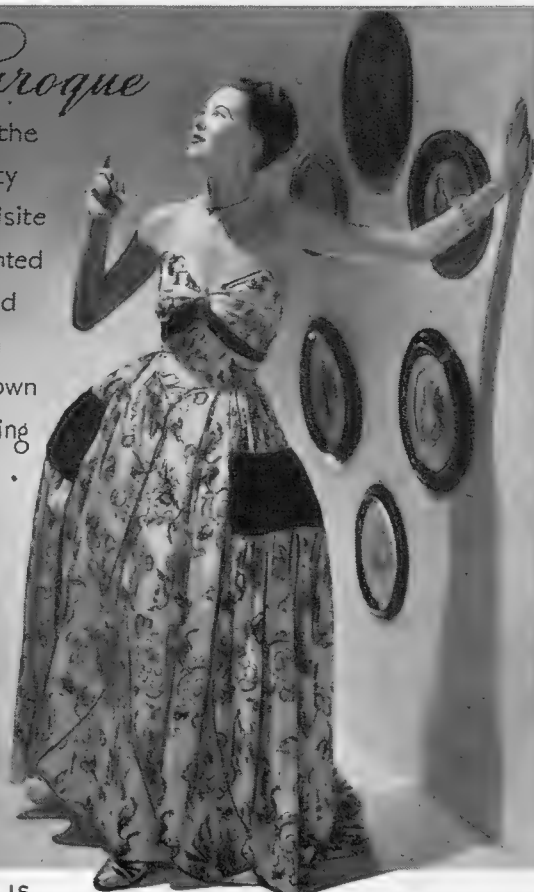


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Oliver Stewarts on FLYING

THE decision of the Ministry of Supply to allow journalists to witness the trials of the Vickers supersonic rocket was entirely commendable. But I am a little puzzled by the results. It almost looked—to read the reports—as if some people imagined that this was the first occasion on which the sonic barrier had been pierced.

So it is worth recalling that artillery officers have for a great many years been studying supersonic movement. Shells and bullets have been crashing through the sonic barrier and moving at speeds much greater than the speed of sound for a long time. Moreover special apparatus has enabled photographs to be taken of projectiles both while piercing the sonic barrier and while moving beyond it and these photographs have been of the kind which makes visible the air flow, so that the compression waves can actually be seen.

There is nothing new about movement through and beyond the sonic barrier. But, it may be objected, at St. Eval the vehicle was not a projectile, but a propelled missile; that is, it was driven through the air by its own power unit. Again, however, there is nothing new. V2 was doing it a few hundred times a week before the end of the war. It is true that V2 had no wings, rudimentary or other, but it had control surfaces.

Man-Bullet

It is always a pity to have to tone down the bright colours of newspaper reports; but it seems to me that the St. Eval experiments, although interesting, are not important. The real crux will be when we put a man through the sonic barrier. That has never yet been done.

There is no reason to suppose that the man will suffer any inconvenience; but the fact that he can travel faster than sound will be a new fact and, as I see it, an important fact. It will imply full control while passing through the barrier during the acceleration, full control while passing through it again during



The Naming Ceremony of the prototype Bristol Brabazon I was attended by Lord Brabazon of Tara, after whom the machine was named, and Air Marshal Sir William Coryton, Director of Supplies (Aircraft). The machine will weigh 125 tons and carry 72 night passengers direct from London to New York

deceleration and full control under ordinary aerodynamic conditions for landing afterwards. There is a problem which really calls for ingenuity and knowledge in its solution.

The Americans are doing their supersonic experiments in that way. They are preparing to launch a man through the barrier and to see what happens. The preliminary trials have already been done and were reported at the time. But the final trials have yet to come. What seems to be wanted is an aircraft which has wings at the take off, can retract them when moving at supersonic speeds, and can then again extend them for the landing.

French Hospitality

As I mentioned in a previous article, I want to return at a later date to the aircraft and engines and the research equipment which I saw during

my tour of France as a guest of the French Air Minister, Monsieur André Maroselli. Here I want to introduce a footnote about the wonderful hospitality which the six British aviation specialists received on this occasion.

Although the French are deprived of many things, they refuse to let guests from England feel the shortages. We had many memorable luncheons and dinners, many memorable *vins d'honneur*. But I especially remember a remarkable luncheon given us by Monsieur Henri Lumière, President of the Lyon Chamber of Commerce at La Mère Brazier in Lyon. Monsieur Lumière, by the way, was a pilot in the 1914-18 war and is still flying, and flying aircraft of the high performance type. He has in fact been piloting Spitfires quite recently.

Tudor Controversy

I would hate to become involved in the controversy about the Tudor aircraft. Sir Roy Dobson, as is his wont, has spoken clearly, frankly and fearlessly on the matter, and his views have the strong and practical support of another individual, Air Vice-Marshal D. C. T. Bennett, one of our greatest pilots and most brilliant navigators. Bennett has started using the Tudor IV—which is not very drastically different from the Tudor I, though it is different—on his commercial runs. He says that it is entirely satisfactory.

While there is the prospect of a report from a committee of inquiry it would be improper to go further than this in comment; but let us hope that we have a really impartial inquiry and that it does not take too long in producing its results.

Meanwhile it seems that the scheme for fitting Viking aircraft with two Nene turbojets and using them experimentally on the London-Paris run—a scheme favoured by many pilots and technical men—has been shelved. There will be no turbojets on the British airways just yet. That is a pity. We are failing to reap the benefit of our lead.

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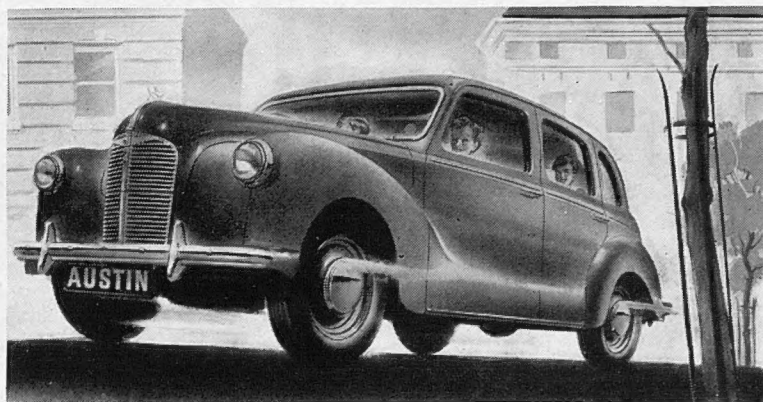
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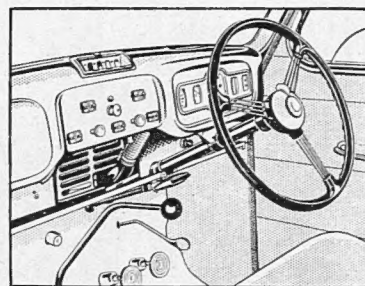
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